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GIRL-LIKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY ELSIE MAY.

A maiden sat watching the shadows
Steal silently o'er the plain,
Until earth was filled with the darkness,
As clouds with the drops of the rain.
She stood in the door of the cottage,
Still gazing out into the night,
Till stars glimmered faint in the distance,
And pierced her with arrows of light.

He came not; no sound save the cricket
That chirped by her side on the hearth;
Not even a nightingale's warble
Disturbed the calm slumbers of earth;
The nuns in the gray, hill-side convent,
Had chanted their vespers, and slept,
Still Eleanor, in the lone cottage
With anger and bitterness wept.

Ah! where were the promises golden
Of love and of constancy given?
Ah! where were the smiles of affection,
That brightened her earth like a heaven.
Gone! gone, like the breeze from the mountain,
That soon becomes lost in the dell.
Lost! lost, like the spray of the fountain,
Or foam from the ocean wave's swell.

She wandereth out in the darkness
Unheeding the stars' silver gleam,
And resting beneath an old oak tree
Her mind floats away on a dream.
She dreams of a proud, dark-eyed lady,
Who once in the days long gone by,
Enchained him, her recreant lover,
With glances of light from her eye.

She woke, and with eyes fiercely flashing,
She murmured "Giotto's" loved name,
"No! never again will I speak it,"
—How swiftly the angry words came;—
"I think that I never did love him,
'Twas only a silly girl's dream,
And now I am sure I detest him,
His love had so transient a gleam."

But hark! a quick footstep behind her,
A voice, manly toned, speaks her name,
And down to the tall branching oak tree,
Giotto, the recreant, came.
But where are the accents of anger,
And where are the dark frownings now?
No shadow of grief seems to sully
The peace on that beautiful brow.

Forgotten the sad thoughts and doubting;
Forgotten each quick, angry word;
As soon as the first coming footstep
The listening Eleanor heard.
Even starlight seemed brighter and purer,
With him, the beloved, at her side,
And ere seven times more came the starlight,
Giotto had won him a bride.

RUINED FOR EVER;

OR,

THE WORLD AGAINST THE FAVORITE.

BY HAMLYN SMITH.

CHAPTER VII.

MURDER.

On the following morning, when John Marston presented himself at the house of Ray Desmond, he was pale and harassed looking, and his arm was in a sling. His host was little more lively in appearance, though he had met with no accident. His face wore an aspect of deep dejection; his eyes were wild and sunken, and his voice hollow and low.

"What ails you, Marston?" he said. 'Tell me."

"I had an accident last night," said Marston, "and one which might have cost me my life. I was riding home from Epsom on horseback, and was thrown clean over a hedge upon a pile of bricks. No soft bed to fall on, *I* can tell you."

"No, I should think not. What time was that?"

"Near upon twelve."

"So late!" cried Desmond, starting.

"Yes; but to business. Excuse my being so practical, but I have much to do this morning, and can spare little time for consideration. Have you that cheque here?"

"Yes; but——"

"But what? You won't trust me with it, I suppose?"

"No, that is not it. But the truth is, circumstances have come to my knowledge which render it unnecessary for me to raise so large a sum."

Marston smiled. A truly satanic smile!

"Ah," he said, "the truth is, that you are relieved of debts to the extent of thirty thousand pounds."

"Exactly. Have you not read the morning papers?"

"No," said Marston, drily; "I should like to do so very much."

"Here it is, then," returned Ray, handing to him the *Times*. "See—'Shocking Murder on Thornton Heath.'"

Marston read aloud:—

"Late this morning, just as we were going to press, news reached us of a shocking act of atrocity committed in the neighborhood of Epsom. The victim of this atrocious assassination is a gentleman well known in sporting circles; no other, in fact, than Sir Lawrence Glanville, the owner of the Caprice colt, the Little Chicken, and other winners. He was found lying on Thornton Heath, beneath a tree, with a shot wound through his lungs. He was not quite senseless when found, but he died almost as soon as he was removed to a neighboring house. At present, no clue whatever has been found to the perpetrator of this hideous act; but when the patrols found the body they heard the galloping of a horse in a northerly direction. In spite, however, of the utmost exertions on their part, they could not overtake him. One of the most curious things connected with this murder is that—at any rate, apparently—no robbery has been committed. A gold watch was still in the pocket of the murdered man, as well as some gold and silver, and some papers of importance."

During the whole time that John Marston was reading this paragraph, Ray Desmond kept his eyes fixed upon his face.

"Well," he said, "what think you of that?"

On Marston's countenance there was no change visible.

"It is a strange thing, indeed," said he; "very strange! Is this all you know of the matter?"

"Certainly! What mean you?" exclaimed Ray.

"Why, what I wish to know is—is this the first time you have heard of his death? Was this announcement in the *Times* the first intimation you received of this murder?"

Desmond glanced at him severely.

"What mean you?" he said. How should *I* know anything of this?"

"I will tell you," cried Marston, drawing his chair closer to that of his companion. "I will tell you; and when I have done, you will perhaps understand better why I intend to have that cheque and various other little indulgences which I need. Will you listen without interrupting me?"

"Certainly."

"Well, last night, then, Mr. Desmond, I and my man Running Joe followed Sir Lawrence Glanville with the design of robbing him. Yes, you may start; but that was our idea. You wonder at my imprudence in telling you? I assure you I have my safeguard. You wonder at my seeking him out for my victim? I will easily explain that. Some time ago I had a mistress whom I loved, and whom I hoped to make my wife. He took her from me; flaunted her before my very eyes—made her a thing unworthy of respect, and me a hardened reprobate. For her lost life and mine I had two revenges to take, and I resolved to ruin him. Recollect, I do not spare myself. I prefer telling you the whole truth, that you may believe me. I intended, if he resented, to have stuck a knife in his heart, without mercy. So I and Running Joe started out after him on horseback, and overtook him just as he reached the gate of Lord Morrell's park. He entered, and the gates were closed and bolted behind him.

"No; no good,' said I to Joe. 'We must give it up. He'll no doubt remain here all night.'

"So, with that, we started off and entered, a short time after, the 'Clerk of the Course,' a little tavern just on the edge of the heath.

"Here we remained some time, drinking and talking over the stirring events of the day, when we heard a horse approaching at a gallop.

"Thinking it might be Sir Lawrence, I hurried to the door.

"As the horseman neared the inn, and the light of the large lamp fell on his face, I saw I was not mistaken.

"It was the Baronet—my hated foe!

"Before I had recovered from my surprise at his unexpected appearance, I heard the galloping of another horse and saw you pass me.

"I immediately ran in.

"Knowing your bitter hatred of Sir Lawrence, I guessed some scheme of revenge was on foot.

"So, fetching out Running Joe, we mounted our horses and followed.

"The night was so dirk that we could scarcely see where we were going, and you will quite believe me, therefore, when I tell you that though a good horseman, I found myself suddenly flying through the air; and then there came a sharp pain through my arm and I fell crash upon a pile of bricks. You seem interested."

"I do," said Desmond. "I am anxious to see in what way you will work out your romance."

He smiled sneeringly.

John Marston glanced at him a moment in surprise, and then he leaned forward and gazed steadily in the face of his companion.

"Well, as you *are* so anxious to hear the rest of this romance, I will proceed with it.

"When I rose from the place, with the assistance of Running Joe, he hurriedly bound up my arm and lifted me once more on my horse.

"Then we trotted gently across the heath.

"When we had passed half across, we saw two dark figures beneath one of the trees.

"On our approach, however, one of them sprang up from a kneeling posture; and as the moon fell upon his face, I saw and recognised him."

"And who was it?"

"You need scarcely ask. It was yourself!"

Ray Desmond started back.

"I! You dare say it was I?" he cried, fiercely.

Marston leaned insolently back, and put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"Yes, I do dare to say so; and I have my witness, you see—Running Joe. But let me conclude. When you saw us," continued Marston, with bitter irony—"when you saw us, as you remember, you uttered a loud cry, and leaping upon your horse, fled away."

"Liar!" cried Ray Desmond, springing up, and seizing the man by the collar. "Say this again, and I will shake the life out of your wretched carcase!"

Marston sat quite still, smiling ironically.

"Hands off, Master Desmond!" he said; "hands off, or you may find me an ugly customer! If you insult me beyond bounds, I will lay (that is right; sit down again, and listen)—I will lay your whole case before the nearest magistrate; tell him the reason of your hatred for Sir Lawrence, and you know the inference."

"Villain—consummate, treacherous villain!" said Ray.

"Yes, yes, we know all that," returned Marston; "but let's to business. In the first place, I want your note of hand for twenty thousand. I have here the required stamp; there is the pen and ink. This being a debt of honor, we will dispose of it first."

Without a word Ray took the bill stamp, and wrote out the necessary document, which he flung towards his companion. Marston glanced at it, and then folding it, placed it in his pocket.

"That's right," he said. "I am glad you have made it payable in a month. And now, that cheque?"

"What cheque?"

"The one for ten thousand."

"I do not understand you. What want you with that?"

"I want to present it at the bank just to test your credit. Within half an hour after you place it in my hands I shall return with the cash."

"I do not—I cannot see the necessity of it. Your money you have security for; this ten thousand I must have for myself."

"So you shall. I repeat that within half an hour I will return with the cash."

"I do not see the necessity; therefore I shall not give it."

Marston rose.

"Very well," he said, taking out his pocket book, "very well; here is your note of hand back again. I prefer giving up that money to being foiled in my other plan. I shall go from this place straight to the police station. Don't fear but that I, having this grand card in my hand, will play it to the end."

"Curse you!" cried Ray. "I suppose I am to be robbed of this, now."

"Not so; send a servant to watch me, if you please. Give me the cheque. Thank you. Now write a note saying, as it is a large sum, 'Please pay bearer the amount of the enclosed cheque.' Bless me," he continued, as Ray wrote as desired, "bless me, how unsteadily your father begins to write! His figures are almost unintelligible."

His pen touched the cheque as he spoke, but Ray did not observe it. In a few minutes the affair was transacted and Marston was gone. Ray Desmond sat for a long time with his face buried in his hands.

Ruin, utter ruin stared him in the face. Laura Mellish was the only one who could save him. Her riches—the accumulated wealth of the millionaire, her father—would save him, but nothing else. His own father he knew to be in good health and not over wealthy.

In fact he had received such large sums from home, and had raised so immense an amount on post-obits, that even at his father's death there would be very little coming to him. In the midst of these reflections the door opened unceremoniously and John Marston entered, flushed and smiling.

"Well," he said, "here I am. You see you might have trusted me with it willingly."

So saying he placed upon the table bank notes for the amount of ten thousand pounds. Ray Desmond took them up mechanically and counted them. They were all right.

"And pray what was your object in this?" he asked.

"Ah," said Marston, who had evidently been drinking copiously, "that's *my* secret! Ah! a letter from Sir Orford Mellish! An invitation, I presume?"

"Yes, for this evening. It is to tell me, also, that they have not forgotten that to-morrow is the Oaks Day. I have promised to take them down."

"And what bets have you made, eh? Back the Esmeralda filly—that's the tip."

Ray smiled bitterly.

"I don't like your tips," he said. "I've had enough of them. But the Esmeralda filly I *shall* back as a last resource."

"Good! I shall see you on the course. Good-bye; and remember," he added, in a low and disgustingly familiar voice, "I shall religiously keep your secret."

Ray merely nodded, and the man quitted the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STARTLING REVELATION.

"Now, then," said Ray to himself—"now, then, for an evening of artificial smiles and weary-heartedness. Laura, however, is my only chance. Her money alone will save me from ruin! Ah, me!" he added, as he glanced at himself in the mirror to see whether dress and adornment had removed the traces of the last night's excitement—"ah, me! it is wonderful how much the memory of old times, and the recollection of the dear face of my first love has altered my appreciation of Laura's beauty. Ha! there is Harlesden; he has the Oaks tip for me."

He knew his footman's knock. In a few moments the man had tapped at the door, and entered.

"Here is the letter, sir," he said.

Ray opened it eagerly.

"Ah!" he cried—"ah! it *is* as Marston said—the Esmeralda filly. I am safe, perhaps, then. If *she* wins, I may yet right myself."

With the peculiar flow of spirits that was characteristic of him, he revived beneath this news as a flower beneath the sun.

The color flew back to his cheeks—the fire to his eyes; and as he drew on his gloves, he said to himself, "Well, well, Ray, when the Lavender colt lost the Derby you said you were 'ruined for ever,' old boy. After all, Esmeralda may pull you through. Of one thing we'll be resolved, Ray, though. After this race—if we win—we'll leave off backing horses and make a book. Farecort always said we were wrong."

At ten o'clock Ray Desmond entered the ball-room at the house of Mr. Mellish, looking as gay and as happy as ever. A look—a quick, meaning look—passed between Sir Orford and his daughter.

"Report must speak falsely, my child," said he.

He had no time for further speech before Ray Desmond came up. But what he had said was sufficient to prove how things were; that they had suspected something wrong and were surprised at its proving to be an error.

"I am delighted to see you looking so well," said Sir Orford blandly. "Laura, I feel surprised to see Mr. Desmond so well. Shows what a millionaire he is, eh?"

He said this jocularly. Ray smiled consciously. It was a splendid piece of acting.

"You speak of my losses on the Derby, I presume?" he said. "They were but trifling, nothing more than *I* can pay. They are but a hundred thousand pounds. Laura, may I claim your hand for this next dance?"

"With pleasure, Ray. Did you ever see any one take his losses so coolly, dear father!" said Laura, smiling.

"No, indeed! I admire you for it, Ray."

The dance half over, Ray drew Laura into the embrasure of a window, while the others continued their giddy dance.

"Laura," he said, "who told you this news about the Derby?"

"Mr. Marston."

"Do you know him, then?" asked Ray in surprise.

"Yes; a little. He casually let this drop this morning."

"Villain!" thought Ray; "what can this mean—this treachery and pretended flattery? Oh, if I could but fathom this!"

C. W. TAYLEURE, Actor, Author and Manager.

Just as he spoke there came a shadow on the wall, reflected, as it were, from the window. It was a repetition of the scene at the ball before the Derby. Again a figure stood without—again a hand beckoned to him.

"Laura," he said, "let us resume this dance."

They danced once round again, and then Ray, placing her by the side of her father, passed over to the window. He knew his visitor then. It was John Marston.

"Marston!" he cried, gently raising the sash, "Marston, what do you here?"

"I bring you important news. Rather a funny time, I will allow, for a visit; but still, necessity compels. You see, I have three secrets for you."

Ray smiled disdainfully.

"Another tip?" he said.

"No, no," he cried; "although the first *is* a tip, by the by. The Esmeralda filly will win."

"You are sure?"

"It seems a moral. In the second place, your wife is alive!"

"Alive!" cried Ray, starting back aghast.

"Yes; and the child, too!"

"Gracious heavens! And you heard this—when?"

"This evening. I hurried here to save you from a great folly."

"What folly?"

"The folly of a proposal of marriage to Laura Mellish, when you are a married man already."

Ray groaned.

"Alas!" he said; "she is my last card. If the Esmeralda filly loses, and I lose Laura Mellish also, it will be sad ruin, indeed!"

"Ruin!" said Marston, tapping his book; "not so. Don't look at it in that way; it won't do, really. Look it in the face, like a man. Do as *I* do, and don't care a curse for any one!"

"You!—do as *you* do!" cried Ray, passionately. "How can I do that? Are *you* on the point of ruin? have you a wife, seduced and degraded by an enemy?—have you lived for years a lonely, desolate life, thinking that the one you once loved was dead—forgiving her, therefore, and hoping that some day the world of love would be again open to you? Have you felt all this, and then suddenly come to the knowledge that this one still lives, to make you happy by her innocence, or ruin you, and shame and madden you by her guilt?"

Marston placed his hand deprecatingly on his companion's shoulder.

"Come, come," he said; "do not go on like this. Take my advice, and you'll be all right."

This man had been his enemy; he knew that he had led him on to rash and reckless transactions on the turf. Yet what could he do? In the peculiar position in which he now stood, Marston was his only friend.

"What *is* your advice?" he said, in a low, tremulous voice.

"To take no notice of the news I have given you, but propose to Laura Mellish and marry her. Pay your debts with her money; and then, you know, if you have done that and your wife should turn up innocent, every one will think you a jolly good fellow and pity you; while, if she turns up guilty still, a divorce sets you right with your second wife. Do you see?"

"Yes, yes; I see," said Ray. "It is, I believe, my only hope. I have very little faith in the race to-morrow; and I have tried in vain to change my name. I must—I must run, with my eyes open, into this snare!"

"There was one thing more," said Marston, "that I wished to tell you, but——Ah! whom have we here? I will see you another time."

So saying, he darted away into the gardens and disappeared, at the same moment that two men ran up upon the terrace, eagerly and impatiently, as if in pursuit of the black-leg.

CHAPTER IX.

A "MISTAKE" CORRECTED.

The two strangers who so suddenly made their appearance on the terrace glanced at Ray Desmond in considerable surprise as he stood there in his evening dress, leaning on the sill of the window. Then, after a few hurried whispers, one of them advanced a few steps.

"Mr. Desmond, I believe?" he said, respectfully.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! you don't know me, sir," continued the man; "the darkness conceals my face. I am Busby—Luke Busby—clerk to your father's bankers."

"Oh, indeed!" said Ray, somewhat unconcernedly, for his thoughts were occupied with other things—"oh, indeed! Curious place, rather, for a meeting."

The clerk nudged his companion.

"There!" he whispered; "didn't I tell you? *He* knows nothing about it."

Then he added, turning once more to Ray, "Yes, sir; an odd place, as you say, for a meeting; but we had information that Mr. John Marston was here, and so we came to find him. There's been a robbery, sir—a robbery of a gross nature—upon your father, and John Marston is the one we suspect."

"A robbery?" said Ray, in great surprise. "In what way?"

"Well, you see, you received your usual remittance (and £5,000 extra; making, in all, £10,000) on Tuesday. Did you not?"

"Yes."

"There!—did I not tell you so?" said Busby, turning to his companion: "he knows nothing of it."

Desmond's anger was aroused. To think that these two fellows, whom he knew nothing about, should discuss the probabilities of his being mixed up in a robbery—a robbery, too, upon his own father—was more than he could endure.

"Gentlemen," he said, as coolly as he could, though a strong sentiment of contempt was plainly discernible in the tone of his voice—"gentlemen, as the guest of Sir Orford Mellish, I must take upon myself to ask you what your business is here upon his premises, and also the meaning of your peculiar observations as regards myself? Remember, I do not wish a disturbance; but if I am insulted I can take my part."

Busby was abashed a little at this.

"Well sir, you see, nothing of that kind was intended," he stammered. "But you see, sir, as your father has been robbed, to whom could we apply better than to yourself?"

"Certainly; but be quick, and explain to me what this is," said Ray, impatiently.

"I will, sir. Your father sent you a check for £10,000. Well, you sent Mr. Marston with it to the bank?"

"I did."

"And what did he bring you back?"

"£10,000."

The clerk raised both his hands.

"Oh, the villain!" he cried; "and he drew from the bank forty thousand pounds! He must have altered the figure '1' into a '4.'"

Ray Desmond started back with a cry of rage.

"The villain—the traitor and thief!" he cried.

"Hush!" whispered a voice behind him, coming from amid the clustering ivy, against which he had backed—"hush! have care! *Remember the murder on Thornton Heath!*"

Wiping the perspiration from his cold brow, he paused a moment ere he spoke.

"Well," he said, after this pause; "well—I may be wrong. Are you sure that he presented a check for forty thousand?"

"I am—I paid it."

"If you suspected it, why did you do so?"

"I did *not* suspect *then*. I received a letter *after* I had paid it, telling me the amount."

"Bless me! this must be some strange mistake," said Ray; "but here I cannot remain longer to speak to you. Go round to the front door and ask to see me; Sir Orford will, no doubt, allow me to see you privately. Here it is so strange and suspicious to be seen."

"Very well, sir, we will do so," said the clerk. "Come, Batterman, we will be able to explain things better so."

So they went, going as softly as possible, and disappearing presently in the shadow of the great trees. They had no sooner proceeded beyond hearing distance than John Marston sprang, as it were, through the ivy.

"They've discovered the dodge rather sooner than I thought," he said; "but it can't be helped. It was a desperate chance, and desperate evils must have desperate remedies."

"What mean you?" said Ray Desmond. "Do you, then, confess your villainy?"

John Marston laughed.

"Confess! Why, of course, it needs no confession. I did it, and it can be proved. The way to prevent this proof is to be bold."

"How? Speak quickly—little time is to be lost. Yet why should I prevent it? This is not my crime."

"Neither was the murder of Sir Lawrence Glanville *my* crime. Come—we understand one another, surely. I must enter the house with you, and be in the room when you meet these men. Let us go at once, or they will be there before us."

"It is impossible," said Ray; "they are going round to the front door to ask to see me. I am not supposed to have had, as yet, any communication with them."

"Good!" said Marston. "Leave me, then; and whatever room you may be in I will be with you."

Ray, without saying another word, passed into the drawing room, and mixed once more among the dancers. It was not long before he was summoned. Sir Orford came across the room.

"Ray," he said, "you are wanted. Two persons from your bank."

"Ah! indeed! Anything important?"

"It seems so."

"Very provoking this, in the midst of one's pleasure!" said Ray. "Where can I see them?"

"I have told Johnson to take them up to a room where you can be undisturbed. Johnson, show Mr. Desmond to the chamber I spoke of."

In a few minutes Ray Desmond was closeted in the room with the clerk and his companion.

"Let me see this letter of my father's," he said.

The clerk took it from his pocket and handed it to Ray, in spite of the impatient looks which his companion, Batterman, kept casting towards him.

"There is no doubt about this," he said. "There has been robbery here, or a mistake."

"No mistake. The cheque, now in the hands of my principal, is for £40,000."

As he said these words, there was a rustling of the window curtain, and John Marston walked into the room.

"Yes," he said, removing a cigar jauntily from his mouth—"yes; the cheque, as you say, is for £40,000; the letter is for £10,000."

The clerk, Busby, sprang up in amazement.

"Really, Mr. Marston, this conduct——" Mr. Batterman, your duty."

The latter rose.

"Pray be seated," said Marston—"pray be seated. I know you well. One of Mr. Skilful's detectives—Jacob Skilful, of Lincoln's Inn. But before we say any more, tell me this: do you come here to arrest me?"

"That is the case."

"Ah! well, that makes things more comfortable. Sit down and we'll talk."

The detective did so. The insolence of the "blackleg" overawed him.

"That's right," said Marston. "Now we can understand one other. You see that check was for £40,000, and the letter is for £10,000. Now, the same alteration in the letter as in the check, squares the affair. It would then be Sir Henry Desmond's error; not yours or mine."

Busby shook his red head, and looked for approbation to the detective.

"Such an arrangement," he said, "*I* could not countenance. Such a thing would make one a thief and a felon. I could not," he added, placing his hand proudly over his heart—"I could not go in to the bosom of my family with such a weight upon my mind."

"Ah!" said Marston, uttering the word sneeringly; and then drawing a pocket-book from his pocket—"ah! that's all very well, and so on; but look here. Busby—forgive my familiarity—Busby, what do you receive per annum?"

"A hundred and fifty per annum," said the clerk, mildly, "rising nothing a-year, as per promise made ten years ago."

"Oh! a grand and munificent sum. You have saved, of course, out of this?"

"Oh, yes, sir, having a large wife and three small children, I have been able to save with a vengeance."

"Well, now, look here. Allow me to alter that 1 into a 4 in the letter, and I will give you a thousand pounds. Discovery is impossible."

The clerk's face flushed crimson. It was a temptation which the recollection of his gloomy home scarcely allowed him to withstand.

"Well, well," he said, "I don't know, really? Eh, Mr. Batterman—what do *you* think of this?"

Mr. Batterman had risen; and was now standing with one arm extended, the other supporting it beneath the elbow, the hand of the extended arm twitching nervously.

"I am waiting, Mr. Busby," he said, drily, and with a humorous twinkle in his eye—"I am waiting for my part of the reward."

"Oh, certainly!" said Marston, sitting down, and altering the figure beforehand—"oh, certainly! The same for you, Mr. Batterman, of course. That will do, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir; a thousand will do nicely. It is not a very munificent sum, considering what you make by it; but it will do."

"And for *me*," said Ray Desmond, with bitter sarcasm; "what for *me*, who am the victim of this fraud—the loser of all this money out of my own estate—what am *I* to have?"

"My dear sir," said Marston, writing out two checks—"my dear sir, I can say nothing of that. The money is all gone already to pay debts—that is to say, it only just covers my losses. Sorry I can't accommodate you—but I can't."

Then he leaned over to him, whispering, "I'll take this as 'hush money;' I won't ask for any more."

"Accursed vampire!" muttered Ray Desmond, as he rose, and paced to and fro.

Within a few moments the "business" was completed. The clerk and the detective had gone—the former with the altered letter, and both with large bribes; while having left Marston to retire as secretly and mysteriously as he had come, Ray returned to the drawing room to dance—to say soft things—to whisper words of love to Laura; words which sounded like terrible mockery, and yet to have in them a chink of gold.

Already the misfortune he had suffered, and the fear of a greater one, was undermining the strictness of his rectitude.

CHAPTER X.

LONGWORTH, THE JOCKEY.

In a little room, at the rear of "Levant's Hotel," a short, thin man, of some twenty-one years, was sitting talking to another. The latter was some years older; a stout man, with a florid complexion, bushy whiskers, and heavy mouth.

"You see, Longworth," said he—"you see, I stand to lose fifty thousand if Esmeralda pulls off this race."

"I see."

"And if she loses, I *win* fifty thousand."

"I see."

"I don't think you *do*. She mustn't win!"

"But it's a moral; she *must* win—she can't help it."

"She can't help losing, if she's kept in."

The jockey shook his head deprecatingly.

"It won't do, Mr. Moss," he said—"it won't do. I've ridden all these races on the square up to *this* one, and I won't do wrong now. I rode the Lavender colt yesterday to win, and he *won*, though he'd been drugged. I'm going to do the same to-morrow."

"Come, come, now," said Mr. Moss, who, in spite of his red face and light hair, was a Jew—"come, come; it mustn't be so. I will give you ten thousand pounds to lose!"

The young man flushed crimson and then turned deadly pale. The temptation held out was a strong one, but he was able to combat it.

"Mr. Moss," he said, "I am obliged to you, but I must decline. I will not sell this race to save my life!"

"Would you to save the life of your father and mother?" said the man.

"You speak to me now of what I don't understand," said the young man. "Their lives are *not* in danger; but if they were, I don't know what I might do."

"Well, you see, they are in danger! You are aware that I am the steward of Lord Shortlands?"

"Yes, yes!" said the young man, eagerly. "What then?"

"Your father and mother are tenants of his lordship, and have been so for some years. Lately there has been a considerable amount of distress in the neighborhood, and a quantity of game has disappeared. Of this he did not take particular notice, although he knew that your father was one of the poachers. Last week there was a robbery, however, in the house, and money and jewels to a large amount were carried off. Do you know who was the thief?—can you guess?"

"Not I," said the jockey, musingly; "unless it be Black Jim, as they call him about here. *You* know him. He's the worst character about the place."

"Yes, he was in it; but he had another with him—*your father*."

The young jockey sprang up.

"It is a lie!" he cried—"a lie—a wicked lie! I will *not* believe it."

"Believe it or not, as you please," said Moss, "but there it stands. It is the truth."

"Are they in prison?"

"No; at present they are not, for Lord Shortlands knows nothing of what they have done. He suspects that a gang of London thieves robbed him. *I* know it, however, and can get Black Jim to swear your father was with him."

The jockey's lips curled in contempt.

"Oh, you *can*?" he said; "and that my mother was there, too?"

"No, but that she knew it; that they met at *her* cottage; and that she received appropriated and used the proceeds of the robbery."

"Well, and what is this to me?"

"Everything."

"I do not see it. You say my father and mother have committed a robbery. What has that to do with the horse?"

"Everything. I say again—everything. I am the only one—bar one, and that is Black Jim—who knows what your father has done. Now, it rests with you whether we remain the only ones who know it."

"With me?"

"Yes. If you lose this race I will give you ten thousand pounds, and an undertaking to hold your father harmless from all prosecution. If not, to-morrow sees him and your mother in the county gaol."

"Villain!" cried young Longworth, advancing threateningly.

The Jew did not budge an inch.

"Oh," he said, "I am not afraid of you! If you hit me, you of course will be locked up, and then you will not be able to ride your mare at all; and you will then have the double satisfaction of finding your father and mother in prison, and yourself ruined on the turf."

"As I shall be if I sell the race."

"Well, well; we will not quarrel over it. Say yes or no. I swear, if you do not this very night make me this promise, I shall write to Lord Shortlands and advise him to arrest your parents at once. Come—decide. Ten thousand pounds and your parents' safety, with no risk for yourself, against misery to them for ever through your cowardice. I give you five minutes to decide."

With a smothered curse, the young jockey turned towards the window and looked out. What was he to do? He was just rising on the turf. His riding was admired by every one; he had secured friends in high places; he was on the high road to fortune.

Then again, his father and mother were in danger; for although he never, for one moment, doubted their innocence, he, at the same time, was quite aware of the unscrupulousness of Moses Moss, and knew well that he would sacrifice him and them also to his revenge. He turned, therefore, savagely to his persecutor.

"Very well," he cried—"very well; I will do it!"

"That is right; bravely spoken! You shall be well rewarded——"

"Stay; there is one condition!"

"And that——"

"Is that you will give me a check *now* for the ten thousand, and a letter pledging yourself to save my father and mother from their danger if I make the horse lose."

"Very well," said Moss—"very well. I will do so."

He sat down and wrote out the check and then the letter. The latter was artfully worded. It was written so that if the jockey tried to misuse it, it would have the effect of putting his father and mother in gaol. Moses Moss then gave it to him and rose.

"I shall be a rich man to-morrow, through you," he cried. "Yes, Longworth, a rich man; and you, my boy, have already acquired a small fortune. But, for your sake and mine, don't present the check until Monday, for my effects scarcely cover the amount."

So saying, he passed out, and soon after the jockey followed him, on the way to the stables. His heart was heavy and weary, and ere he reached the stables, and stood meditating a moment near Crofton Bridge, he felt as if he could destroy himself.

Crofton Bridge ran over an under way, which might, a hundred years ago, have been a river's bed, but was now a dry roadway. A sudden thought entered his head.

"A jockey with a broken arm or leg can't ride," said he to himself, with a little laugh; "and if he breaks his neck, why he can't ride at all."

With scarcely another thought—without a moment's further deliberation, he took a flying leap over the parapet and came crash upon the stones below. Although knowing well that he would be injured, it was beyond Tom Longworth's power to repress a loud cry as his leg snapped asunder, and in a few moments a crowd of persons had assembled. One of the crowd rushed anxiously forward as the young man was raised by two or three of them.

"Great heavens!" he cried, in a wild voice; "is that Longworth—Tom Longworth, the jockey?"

"It is *so, sir*," said one of the bearers. "He's had a sad tumble. I expect he's made a fine thing and he's bin a-drinking."

"Tom, Tom!" exclaimed Moses—Moss, for it was he; "Tom, Speak! Are you much hurt?"

"Oh, you may as well speak to the wind as to him," said the other. "He's senseless."

So Tom was borne away senseless to the hotel, where he had so recently made his evil bargain with the Jew, and laid on one of the beds. The news spread like wildfire through Epsom, and the most eager inquiries were made after the jockey's health.

If he had been an emperor on the point of death he would scarcely have had so many kind inquiries after his health. He was more than emperor.

The jockey who was to ride the favorite for the Oaks, he was the one to whom all eyes were directed—towards whom all hearts yearned as the one upon whom their fortunes depended. The betting altered at once.

The jockey who had landed the great victory with Lavender for the Derby was now nowhere; and who knew who would ride the filly? She had been seven to four, and then even, and now she went back to ten to one.

And amid all this excitement, neither John Marston, the blackleg, nor Ray Desmond, the dupe, heard the intelligence. The next morning, breaking bright and beautiful, saw London moving once more by road towards Epsom.

Not quite so noisy—not quite so uproarious and jolly, the highway to the Oaks was pleasant and happy enough; and not least among the merry, laughing throng was the party who could be seen making their way along the dusty road in an open carriage with four horses.

Sir Orford Mellish, Laura Mellish, Miss Lizzie Cumberland, her cousin, and Ray Desmond, formed the party, and, to all appearance, a more happy one did not exist on the road. Ray had cast his lot and was ready to abide by it.

With the suspicion that his wife was living, yet with a firm belief in her guilt, he had on the preceding night proposed formally for Laura's hand, and, as might have been anticipated, had been accepted. The day was fixed.

Both Sir Orford and his daughter regarded him as an expectant, happy, eager bridegroom. And at this moment he certainly looked so.

Excited by the anticipation of the race—eager, tremulous at the thought of the struggle which was to restore him his fortune, or plunge him into inextricable misery—his face was radiant, his eyes bright, his lips red.

"You have a bet on to-day's doings, I suppose?" said Louisa, playfully, as they drew near the course.

Ray started.

"A bet!" he said, with a forced laugh. "I have a bet—you're right—a large, an immense bet, which will bring me a great triumph or a great disgrace."

This was whispered suddenly and unpremeditatedly. It had just occurred to him that when the race came, and when (perhaps, though, he dreaded even to dream of it) the favorite lost, he would lose his presence of mind, give way to his despair, and appear worse in her eyes than if he told her now. Laura turned pale.

"Have you then staked your fortune on this day?" she said, in a low, gentle voice.

He *smiled* bitterly.

"No," he said; "not my entire fortune, but the greater part of it—*your* good opinion; because I have been far too extravagant."

"Oh, Ray, you will never lose my good opinion," she said. "Ah! here we are! Oh! look at the people! See how they are crowding! And here, too, is Mr. Marston! Oh, how I dislike that man! Dear me, how pale and excited he looks!"

He did, indeed!

Seated on horseback, and bending over the neck of the animal excitedly, he had very little the semblance of the man who had acted the cool villain the night before.

"Mr. Desmond," he said—"excuse my rudeness, Sir Orford—Mr. Desmond, Esmeralda will be nowhere, I fear; the jockey has broke his leg, and that heavy brute, Tom Oshler, is to ride her."

Then he leaned nearer, saying, "Keep a sharp look out. A suspicious party is following you."

CHAPTER XI.

MR. SOLOMANS.

It was in a room in Leonard street, Regent street, that Ray Desmond was seated on that Wednesday evening, after the memorable Oaks Day which had seen his second loss. Before him were a pile of papers, and pens, and ink. He was eagerly studying them; but even amid this eagerness his looks were again and again directed towards the door. Presently there was a knock at the outer gate, and he started up eagerly to open the door. A slow, methodical, heavy step was heard ascending the stairs.

"Is that you, Solomans?" exclaimed Ray, anxiously.

"Yes, it's me," said a thick, surly voice.

"Thank heaven!" cried the young man, retiring, and sinking once more into his chair.

"Yes," continued the Jew, closing the door behind him, and advancing to the table—"yes, Mister Desmond, it's me. My conscience, what a lot of papers! Are all these bills to be paid, eh?"

"Yes, indeed!" said the unfortunate gambler, with a bitter smile. "Yes, indeed, they are bills to be paid; but you, I hope, have come to save me?"

"Why, yes—that is my wish," said the Jew; "that is what I've come for; but we shall have to come to a good understanding."

His manner was intensely irritating, as the manner of men often is when they are conscious of having an abundance of money. But Desmond was ready to bear this. He knew well that upon this man's complaisance depended his own safety, and he was ready to accept his destiny.

"Well, Mr. Solomans," he said, "I shall only be too glad to accede to your terms. This predicament of mine is a dangerous one, and I must at all hazards escape from it."

"Certainly," returned the Jew, sitting down, mollified by his host's politeness; "certainly—that is the way to do business. Now tell me, what is it you want?"

"I want fifty thousand pounds."

The Jew opened his eyes.

"Whew!" he said; "that is a large sum!"

"It is, indeed; but less is useless. I am, as you know, the heir to a large fortune; but I have expended so much money since the last time that I saw my father, some ten months ago, that I am ashamed to ask him for more. Indeed, if I were to, just at present, I doubt I should be at all successful. What I wish to have is fifty thousand pounds this very night, or, at any rate, to-morrow morning; so that when those who claim money from me demand it, I can pay them honorably."

"Well, well," said the Jew, "I can arrange this nicely for you. I will let you have the money to-night; but you must, first of all, sign me a bill for seventy-five thousand."

"Five-and-twenty thousand pounds interest!" exclaimed Ray, angrily. "That is most exorbitant!"

The Jew rubbed his hands together and shook his head deprecatingly.

"It may be exorbitant," he said, "but so is the risk——

so is the trouble—so, perhaps, may be the time to wait. That is my charge, Mr. Desmond—my regular charge; and, therefore, you understand, I never change it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

RICHMOND POG.—1. Sam Hurst was born 1832—height, 6 feet 2½in.; weight, 210lbs; beat Paddock and was beaten by Mace. 2. Bob Brettle—height 5ft. 7¼in.; weight, 144lbs.; born, 1833; beat Roger Coyne, Sam Simmonds, Job Cobley, Bob Travers twice, Jem Mace; was beaten by Tom Sayers and Jem Mace twice; fought a draw with Malpas; also fought Jack Jones (Humphreys), the latter being awarded the stakes in consequence of Brettle getting himself arrested. 3. Bill Perry (the Tipton Slasher), height 5ft. 5½in.; weight, 178lbs.; born 1819; beat Dogherty, Ben Spillsbury, Jem Scunner, Tom Paddock and Tass Parker twice; beaten by Chas. Freeman, the American Giant, upon a third encounter; Harry Broome and Tom Sayers fought Tass Parker, police interfered. 4. By a combination of both.

A. W. S.—C, D, P and A are playing a game of seven-up. D deals the cards, six in number, to each of us, and turns up the seven spot of spades; P is the beggar, and asks for one; D does not feel justified in giving it, so D deals three more cards around, and turns up the eight spot of hearts as a trump; P does not like the trump, but wants D to deal them again or give three more cards around, when A objects and says D cannot do it according to the rules of the game, but says the second turn-up is final unless it is the same trump as was up in the first deal. Who is right?.....P cannot claim another deal, and unless the dealer agrees to run three more, the hands must stand as dealt.

G. H. B., East Boston, Mass.—The Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta started from Sandy Hook at 1 o'clock P. M.—December, 11, 1866, and arrived in Cowes Roads in the same order, the Henrietta casting anchor at 5.22 P. M. on the 25th of same month, the Fleetwing at 1.30 A. M. on the 26th, and the Vesta at 3.30 A. M. on the 26th.

SAM T. H., Fort Lyon, C. T.—1. At cribbage, three trays, a four and a five count twenty-one, viz., six for fifteens, six for pair-royal and nine for sequences. 2. The highest hand in cribbage is three fives and a Jack, with a five turned up of the same suit as the Jack. These count sixteen by fifteens, twelve for double pair-royal and one for his "knob."

E. H. M., Boston, Mass.—A, B and C are playing billiards, each man to play a hundred points for game. A has made ninety-nine. B has ninety-eight. C plays, makes a three and goes into the pocket and loses three. Does it put A and B out and end the game?".....Neither is put out. The pocket does not count.

VIVANDIERE.—1. It is difficult to say, as the western cities change the number of their population and dimensions of area so much. St. Louis is said to be larger than Chicago, St. Louis having 200,000 population to Chicago's 170,000. 2. Lotta will play in Cincinnati, at De Bar's, about December next. 3. We cannot tell.

ALLEGHANIAN.—Dexter's best recorded harness time is 2:17¼, made at Buffalo, N. Y., August 14th, 1867. He trotted the second heat of his match with Ethan Allen and running mate at the Fashion Course, L. I., June 21, in 2:16¾, but as it was not a winning heat it does not go upon the record.

C. E. H., Worcester, Mass.—1. Collyer was born in 1842. 2. McCoole beat Bill Blake, Tom Jennings, Bill Davis and Aaron Jones, and was defeated by Coburn. 3. Coburn fought a draw with Ned Price, and defeated Harry Gribbin and Mike McCoole. 4. Barney Aaron.

JOHNSON CLUB, Buchanan, Pa.—We shall, at the earliest opportunity, endeavor to find out the occasion of the delay and satisfy you, when you can take such action in the premises as you deem proper. We understand that the boat builder you mention has been very neglectful of late

DICK, Winchester.—The late Ada Menken closed her first engagement in London, at Astley's Theatre, December 17, 1864. She shortly after commenced a provincial engagement, and opened in Liverpool, April 17, 1865, at the Royal Amphitheatre.

LOMAS.—1. "Old Curiosity Shop" was produced in this city at the National Theatre, August 4th, 1859. A five year old genius named Little Lola played Little Nell. 2. The first theatrical performance ever given in Chicago took place Sept. 10th, 1837.

H. Z., Cincinnati.—It is not the rule for the player who took the last trick to take another card from the deck before closing the book, nor, if he can, do the same with five cards.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.—Cl ever is no pugilist, never put up his hands at a sparring exhibition, nor attended a prize fight, the unmeaning and shallow editorial in a certain daily to the contrary notwithstanding.

SLASHER AND CRASHER, Pittsburgh.—1. They are at present in this city, and a letter sent to this office will reach them. 2. The song is not published. 3. Cannot inform you what interest he has in the Kentucky lotteries.

EUCHRE.—A, B, C and D play a four-hand game of euchre; A deals the cards and all pass; B says he makes it a club and plays it alone; C says he will play it alone against him; B gets euchred. How many does C take?".....Two points.

WAGER, Worcester, Mass.—A bets B that he cannot guess his weight within 10lbs.; B guesses 160, which is just his weight. A claims that it is a tie, and you are requested to decide."..... B wins the wager.

A. K., Sharon.—1. A note addressed to the *Sunday Mercury*, Philadelphia, will reach that paper. 2. The Athletics and Atlantics play together on the 31st inst, in Philadelphia.

J. F. P., Chicago.—"Two of us were playing all fours; and each had scored nine points. I turned up Jack; my adversary held ace. Who wins?".....Your Jack wins, as that card, when turned up, scores immediately.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—1. We do not know of any one in your city. Mr. Bogan's address in this city you will find in another column. 2. You would not derive much benefit from a book on the subject alone.

J. M. S., Fall River.—A letter sent to Wirt Sykes, care Author's Union, 264 Pearl street, this city, will reach Olive Logan's agent.

AN OLD ACTOR, Philadelphia.—1. We shall be pleased to place them on the record. 2. He takes out a company, we understand.

QUEEN CITY, Cincinnati.—Edwin Booth played Brutus, Junius Brutus Booth played Cassius, and John Wilkes Booth Mark Antony

T. J., New Brunswick, N. J.—W. Thompson, *alias* "Bendigo," was defeated once by Ben Caunt, owing to his going down without a blow. He afterwards beat Caunt.

M. C. T., St. Louis.—1. He does not forfeit his hand by throwing down the bowers and ace. 2. He cannot claim a trick unless he wins it.

S. M. C.—The best or largest score of the Atlantics during their recent tour was 103 to 8. The largest score of the Athletics on their tour was 93 to 13.

STAR, Milwaukee.—1. No agreement having been made to the contrary, nine innings should have been played. 2. The Athletics should play the next game on your grounds

FAIR PLAY, Jeffersonville, Ind.—We cannot understand the purport of your inquiry. State the question clearly and we will endeavor to answer it.

W. F. W., Annapolis, Md.—A. T. Stewart's private dwelling is calculated to cost $2,000,000 when finished, which will not be much inside of two years.

R. L.—The three, 2:17, has never been made by any horse Dexter's 2:17¼ is the fastest on record.

W. H. T. H., Chicago.—The best time of Mr. Bonner's team—Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid—was for one mile 2:26· two miles, 5·01¼.

G. W. C., St. Louis, Mo.—1. With all due modesty we should say the CLIPPER. 2. Hatfield, at Cincinnati, threw 394 feet.

FORT MONROE, Va.—The player off the base, if touched by the ball, is out. Throwing the ball to the home base would not do.

C. S. F. M. C.—1. The fastest running time, one mile, is by Gladiateur, in England, 1:39. 2. Pocahontas' fastest pacing time was 2:17½. She was not a runner.

C. N. W., Charleston.—We shall be pleased to hear from you at your convenience. See elsewhere.

E. F. W., Boston.—1. They are the same performers. 2. There is no other clog dancer by that name.

OLD READER.—1. From twenty-five to thirty dollars a week. 2. Write to Vanderlip and Taylor, 96 Bowery, this city.

WASHINGTON KIDD.—It is generally believed to have been Frank Ambrose.

H. Y. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Hatfield, of your city, is considered the best.

BASE BALL, Piqua, Ohio.—There is no record of the quickest time made in running the bases.

G. W. W., Piqua, Ohio.—A player cannot be put out on a ball, foul or fair, caught after striking a fence.

C. A. P., Bath, N. Y.—The game ending in a tie, the bet is a draw.

H. M., Fort Wayne.—There were no negro delegates in attendance at the Democratic Convention.

S. S. R., Chicago.—Not having been touched by the ball, neither man is out.

BASE BALL, Erie, Penn.—McBride and Radcliffe are undoubtedly the best that play together.

F. H., Williamsport, Penn.—The Atlantics were defeated only once on their western tour.

BLICK, Philadelphia.—In a tie game, neither party wins, and the money must be drawn.

OLD NIG, Bouckeville.—Ames is right; the captain of a nine can place his men where he likes.

G. E. M., New York.—A base ball is the largest, but there is no difference in the weight.

FELIX PICKLES.—You had better submit the question to a lawyer.

R. H., Phillipsburg, Pa.—We do not keep them Write to one of our advertisers.

J. D., Flint.—It will save time if you communicate with McAlpine.

W. H. C., Harrisburg.—A deposit would help to expedite matters.

A READER, St. Paul.—Junius Brutus Booth was the father of John Wilkes Booth.

J. K. S., Dover Plains.—Covent Garden heatre, London, Eng., will seat 2,500 persons.

L. M., Evansville, Ind.—The Stadt Theatre, this city, which will seat 3,385 persons.

J. L., New Orleans.—Mr. French, 122 Nassau street, this city, can furnish you with printed copies at 15 cents each.

FAIR PLAY.—There is no champion song and dance man. All three you mention are first class.

W. A. A., Washington, D. C.—Collyer was born in France, of Scotch parents. Edwards is of English parentage.

MARBLE HEART, Memphis.—We have not a copy of the original.

FISHING PARTY, Baltimore.—D cannot go alone when the trump is ordered up by C.

UNITER.—We have heard of no such sums being unaccepted.

R. M. W., Providence.—We do not preserve communications.

ASTORIA.—The party who cries "muggins" claims the count.

D. McD.—A deposit would, no doubt, bring you a customer.

G. D. H., New York.—This is a catch bet and should be drawn.

NIBS, La Salle.—The player must be touched by the ball.

TIMS, Chicago.—The money is divided between A and B.

W. H. C.—We already receive items from that direction.

CHARLES H. DUPREE.—Remittance received all right.

TOM, Baltimore.—A full is a better hand than a flush.

H. C. N., Columbus, O.—We cannot say, at present.

J. S., Memphis.—We have a correspondent there.

SPRING MILL.—You had better advertise for one.

RUSSTON, Chicago.—B is entitled to the deal

SHORT STOP.—We do not issue badges.

HAMLET.—We have never issued cards.

J. L. B., Dayton.—A little too heavy.

GALESBURG.—We cannot inform you.

BODINE.—They are cousins.

M. L.—It is a play.

THREE CORNERED JOKE.—What triangle represents the favorite charger of the commander of the late Confederate Army?

An Iscoceles. (*A nice hoss o' Lee's*). Go long.

STREET SPORTS IN THE DOG DAYS.

The other day, just when the thermometer was doing its level best to get the upper hand of distressed humanity, and even rabid canines were too lazy to bite, the street loungers in the vicinity of Bowery and Prince street were treated to an impromptu fight of the most entertaining and exciting description. A mad bull, goaded into frenzy by a blue-bottle fly, came charging along the sidewalk just at the moment when a fancily painted butcher's cart, containing a man in a red shirt and soap-locks and a small stub-tailed dog with his nose bit off, was rattling jauntily in the opposite direction. All the ladies on the promenade had pointed their parasols at him without checking his progress, and sixteen policemen with drawn revolvers were in hot pursuit, when Snap—the dog—seeing with critical eye the position of affairs, sprang from his elevated post and made for Taurus, with a look as much as to say—"This will never do—this thing has got to stop right here, you bet!" The bull was a very formidable specimen from Dutchess County, as big as a rhinoceros, weighing about as much as the whole police force put together, and the fat woman thrown in, and had already knocked down several houses and dead walls that blocked his way. Snap is three years old next leap year, with great breadth of beam and legs like hand irons; was reared in an up-town slaughter-house, and has killed several strangers visiting the place, besides severely maiming numerous women and children. The nervous agitation of the stump which he carries astern, and which acts as a rudder, is an index to the ferocity of his disposition. The bull was one of the regular jerked beef, shoe leather and chewing, rock-ribbed species, and was an object of interest to several dealers in rawhide steaks who were passing. Seeing opposition ahead, the monster paused to brush a fly off his ear and took a survey of the ground. Snap assumed a fancy position on his rump, with his tongue lolling out, and awaited further movements. The police stationed themselves after the manner of *matadors*, at safe distances. Betting very lively among the clerks and shopkeepers. Some money changed owners in the crowd. Snap, start'ed from his position by a stone thrown by a newsboy, exhibited his pluck by wheeling and barking savagely at the bystanders. At this moment the bull advanced with lowered head upon Snap's rear, as if intending to "give him Dutchess," and "tossed" him about twenty feet in the air. Betting more animated. The owner of Snap called "Time!" Several spectators went into Gambrinus' saloon to take a drink, Snap having already been treated to a couple of horns. Considerable skirmishing between dog and bull—Snap not to be surprised again, no-how! Dog gets in a clencher on bull's nose—bull disposed to object—tries to shake him off—worse than the flies. Yells of delight. A stout Dutchman, crossing the street, is chased by both bull and dog—bets again flying, as to his fate:—"I'll go you a V he wins;" "I'll go you two he don't." "I go a V better!" A fresh sausage is thrown down by the Hollander, which effects a diversion, Snap rending the object into fragments and devouring it. Bull now bent upon wiping out dog. A pack of fire-crackers is fastened to bull's rear and a boy ties a tin can to Snap's tail. Bull cavorts and makes a furious dive at Snap, who rushed to the curbstone, cleared the heads of the spectators and sought refuge in a dry-goods box. Bull lay down philosophically and waited until fireworks had culminated. Proprietor came up and roused him with a ferocious kick. "Git, you mean-spirited cuss," he shouted, "or I'll set the cats onto you when we get home!" The last we saw of Snap, his master was carrying him in his arms back to the cart, exclaiming, as he patted his frizzly coat, —"Aint he a pooty dorg, nor nothin'—hey? Wha-a-t!"

LET THEM ALONE.—There is some talk of hiring eleven English cricketers to come to America to play with clubs here. Have English cricketers no pride? Are there no *gentlemen* cricketers in England to make us a visit? Or are they all on the "play and pay" system? It seems strange that when any international sporting event is going on between the two countries, Americans must always go to England or the event falls through. When men are to be *paid* for their services, then our neighbors on the other side can manage to get here. The hired cricketers had better remain at home.

DISEASED CATTLE.—Two mad steers recently entered one of our churches, terribly frightening the unsuspicious congregation, but, fortunately, injuring no one. It has puzzled many persons to understand the cause of those *steers steering* their way to church. "Our Jim" says that while in the condition spoken of they each had a *deranged organism*, so of course they wanted to find a *perfect organism*, which they would surely find in a fashionable church. Jim is no doubt right.

BAD.—During the ever-memorable heated term of July a man in a neighboring city attempted self-destruction, owing to the *discomfort* he suffered from the heat. Had the rash man succeeded in his fell design he might have fared worse by the change. We can imagine what a lost spirit would say to such a man on being told how he came to be in his company:—"Well, if it is *comfort* you are after, this is the wrong place to *come for't*.

HAVE A CARE.—Dog trimmers should be very prudential now, as in their business they always have an eye to the end. Quite often they succeed also in making both ends *meat*. And although they are anything but tailors, there can be no doubt that they are most excellent *cutters*.

PRETTY TALK.—A Western paper says St. Paul recently witnessed the Christening of a locomotive, the first for the Superior and Mississippi Railroad, by a mingiement of drops from Lake Superior and the Pacific. What is *meant* by mingiement of drops? Let our Western friend drop such lofty lingo.

MESSRS. DICK & FITZGERALD, of No. 18 Ann street, this city, have just published a revised edition of "Gambler's Tricks With Cards," by the reformed gambler, J. H. Green. Those wishing to get posted on the "points" should go for a copy.

IGNORANCE.—"Our Jim," whose knowledge of foreign languages is somewhat limited, calls Adelina Patti's husband the Marquis of Corks.

LONG BRANCH must ever remain fashionable, since there is always a "great swell" there.

A PRIME MOVER.—A good car driver.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.—Ma's!

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

C. W. TAYLEURE.

This gentleman, whose portrait appears on the first page in the present issue of the CLIPPER, was born at Charleston, S. C., June 30th, 1832, of a parentage in which was blended the stocks of the sturdy Scotch Covenanters, and the gallant Huguenots of France—refugees from religious persecutions—who were among the earliest settlers of South Carolina. He was carefully nurtured, and was educated for his father's profession—the law—but pecuniary necessities resulting from the sudden death of the latter compelled the abandonment of this professional plan, and in 1848 Mr. Tayleure, then in the fifteenth year of his age, came to New York, and obtained a position as entry clerk in a wholesale mercantile house on Cedar street. He did not long remain in mercantile pursuits, however. The art instinct naturally seeks the art life, and Mr. Tayleure gravitated into the theatrical profession, which he entered in 1850, making his first appearance upon the stage Oct. 22d, of that year, at Richmond, Va., as Master Wilford in "The Hunchback." In the actor's profession Mr. Tayleure labored until 1855, when he permanently relinquished it and became business manager and treasurer for John T. Ford, who then first entered into theatrical management at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. This connection Mr. Tayleure retained until 1859, producing meantime in rapid succession, his dramas of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," "The Beauchampe Tragedy," "The Maid of Destiny," "The Freedom's Dawn," "The Muses By Starlight," "Lights and Shadows of a Great City," and "The Boy-Martyrs of Baltimore." In May, 1859, Mr. Tayleure relinquished theatrical pursuits and began the practice of law at the Bar of Baltimore. To the profession of the law he added that of the journalist in 1860, becoming successively connected with the *Clipper* and the *American*, of that city, first as law reporter, in which capacity he attracted general attention by the graphic and spicy character of his reports, and then as assistant editor. In 1861 Mr. Tayleure was specially delegated to furnish Congressional reports to the Associated Press of Baltimore, and to send special letters and despatches to the *American* from Washington, Frederick City (during the session of the Maryland Legislature), and Harper's Ferry—then the *focu* of military interest in the south. After the adjournment of Congress in August, 1861, Mr. Tayleure joined his lot with his kindred in the south, and at Richmond became city editor and occasional camp correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*. He was serving in this capacity when anxiety for his family, whom he had left in Baltimore, led to his arrest, and to his being paroled, through the influence of his friend, John T. Ford, by General Dix in the latter city. Shortly after his return to Baltimore Mr. Tayleure produced at the Holliday Street Theatre, "East Lynne" (Lucille Western's version), "Great Expectations," "Cupid in Baltimore" (a two act local burlesque), "Mysterious Floyd," "The Woman Mystery" and an original version of the "East Lynne" story, written for Mrs. Bowers and entitled "Lady Isabel." In the winter of 1863, the Baltimore *Evening Transcript* was started, under the ownership of Gen. W. H. Neilson, with Mr. Tayleure as its editor, and continued to flourish for some weeks, when it was suddenly checked in its career by General Schenck, of Ohio, who interdicted its further publication.

General Schenck's order was subsequently rescinded, and the *Transcript* went on until May 1, 1864, when it was finally suppressed by General Lew Wallace, its books and printing material confiscated, and its proprietor and editor prohibited from the further pursuit of editorial or journalistic enterprises in Baltimore. Mr. Tayleure, thus forbidden to follow his profession in the "Monumental City," returned to theatrical business, and assumed the direction of Mr. John E. Owens' interests, in the memorable engagement of that great artist at the Broadway Theatre, New York, which began August 29, 1864, and lasted ten months. In May, 1865, Mr. Tayleure accompanied Mr. Owens to England, and directed his engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, London. Returning thence in September, Mr. Tayleure again became business manager for Mr. George Wood, at the Broadway Theatre, where he remained until the close of the season of 1865—66. In the succeeding summer and fall, in conjunction with Mr. William Stuart, he gave a series of profitable performances in Brooklyn and through New England. In 1866 he conducted Mr. John E. Owens on a starring tour through the country. Last summer he introduced Lotta to the New York public, at Wallack's, and in the fall of 1867 accepted from Mr. James E. Hayes the position of business manager of the Olympic Theatre, which he yet holds, and much of the success which has attended that establishment during the year of 1867—8 is due to the energy, business ideas and gentlemanly deportment of the subject of this sketch.

THE GRAND SCHEUTZEN FESTIVAL of the Baltimore Target Rifle Association commenced at Baltimore on the 24th inst, and will continue five days. The most extensive arrangements have been made for rope walking, balloon ascensions, grand concerts, prize shooting (for which $2,000 has been appropriated), ten-pin rolling for prizes amounting to $400, cross-bow shooting, policheneilo, theatre performances, flying horses, dancing day and night, concerts, &c., &c. There was to be a grand procession on 24th inst., which would be participated in by New York Scheutzen, Philadelphia Scheutzen, Burger Scheutzen, Washington Scheutzen, and other visiting societies.

Sporting Squibs.

— The Manchester, N. H., Horse Fair commenced on the 18th inst., when a good display of horse flesh and some good trotting was witnessed.

— For driving a sick and disabled horse a man named Adam Egloff was held to answer on the 18th in the sum of $500.

— Female women and other young girls have made themselves particularly noticeable at watering places this season by driving fast horses.

— A blacking manufacturer of the Hub is getting up a championship "black 'em" match between various shining aspirants in Massachusetts.

— Alexandre Dumas is credited with having taken six Spanish ladies to see a bull fight in *Havre*. We believe Kit Burns has frequently escorted a number of Grecian damsels (who have a taste for that sort of thing) to see a dog-fight in New York.

— A sport up town recently swallowed 8 lagers in 1¼ min. and 15 in 4½ min. on a wager to do it in 5 min.

— Licensed gambling is the subject of warm debate between the Governor and Colonial Government of Hong Kong, China.

— A velocipede race by the Hanlons took place recently on Boston Common.

— Two Chinese had a set-to on Broadway on the 20th. And thereby hung two tails.

— $30,000 were won by a young Bostonian in a Havana lottery a few days since.

— A panther hunt is about to take place near Colesville, N. Y., as one of those animals has been helping himself to live mutton in that neighborhood. Our circus friends had better join in.

— From Odessa to Constantinople is traveled by steam in fifteen hours Quick.

— Eight miles were recently walked in three and a half minutes by an old gentleman named Sluter, who is nearly 104 years old, in Washington Co., Ind.

— The N. Y. Caledonian Club are to hold their annual festival at Jones' Wood on the 27th, when the usual Scottish physical and amusing sports will be indulged in.

— An Athletic Club, intended to patronize boating and other sports, is about to be organized, and a meeting, with that object in view, is called for the evening of the 27th at Knickerbocker Cottage, 456 Sixth avenue, N. Y.

— John M. Harkey, proprietor of a drug store at Russellville, Ark., was shot dead by a gambler because he requested him not to play cards in his store, and afterwards ordered him to quit the premises.

— A man in a skiff passed Muscatine, Iowa, the other day, who had started from New Orleans and was going to the head waters of the Mississippi.

— At Liverpool, Eng., a public plunge bath has been built and thrown open, at a cost of $25,000, and a number of swimming prizes were offered.

— A bass, weighing 40lbs., was recently caught by a Newport, R. I., fisherman, but when landing it a shark seized and went off with the better part of it.

— A man in Worcester, Mass., who only has one arm, drives a six horse team.

— One of the guides at Meechan Lake, in the Adirondacks, who has but one leg, can butcher a deer, cut down a tree, and do other remarkable feats.

— Duck shooting commenced in this State on the 15th inst. Woodcock shooting begins on Sept. 1st.

— Swordfish are very numerous on the Maine coast.

— Mrs. Prudence Martin, of Boston, Vt., celebrated her 92d birthday on a very hot day recently, by walking three miles. Quite an ancient pedestrienne.

— Big scores at cricket were made in England on the 4th inst., by the "stugents" of the long vacation of Emanuel College against their servants—professionals. W. J. Bachelor scored 289; A. E. Tillard, 152, and W. A. Prince, 114, and the total score was 689.

— Cape May and Cape Henelopen are fifteen miles apart, and P. P. Boynton is said to have offered to swim that distance on a wager of $10,000.

— A talking match is announced as about to take place at Columbia, Pa., between two feminines. Time, 48 hours. Forty-eight hours will not give them a chance to get fairly started.

— 200 yards were recently swam by four members of the East London, Eng., swimming club, with their usual apparel on. The one who wore the heaviest garb was the winner.

— They caught a crab at Yokohama, Japan, recently, 11 feet 8 inches from extreme point of one claw to another; body 18 inches from head to tail, and one foot broad on the back.

— A swimming tournament is announced for the 29th instant, at the Swimming School, foot of Sixty-third street, E. R.

— Ten cases of drowning have occurred at Atlantic City this season. Our watering places and bathing localities ought to be furnished with boats and life preservers.

— At Hamilton, C. W., a few days since, in consequence of a queer wager, twenty pocket books filled with queer, etc., were dropped in different streets and a reward offered for the return of one. Only six were returned and bogus promissory notes sent back by mail in two instances.

— A convention of heavy weights occurred at Gregory's Point, Ct., on the 20th instant, at a clam bake, 39 of them passing the scaling at 2001bs. and over. G. S. Smith, of Stamford, weighed 316lbs. and Amos Barnes, of Westport, just 200lbs., and all together weighed 8,766lbs!

— At the clam bake on Gregory's Point, Conn., from which men weighing less than 200 lbs. were excluded, thirty-nine sat down. Forty buckets of clams were devoured.

— It is feared that Zeller, who was injured while playing ball in Chicago, will be a cripple for life.

— Excellent judges anticipate that Dexter will trot in 2:12 before the season closes.

— Co. E., 12th Regiment, N. G., who won the championship flag from the Montgomery Guard of Boston, decline to accept any of the numerous challenges since addressed to them until a standard code of drilling has been adopted.

— P. T. Barnum, the "Woolly Horse," won a foot race on Mount Washington, N. H., week before last. He ran on the top of the head of the Old Man of the Mountain.

— At Pasque Island ex-Alderman Dodge took over 500 lbs. of striped bass in one day, and a total of 711 lbs. in a day and a half. If there were no Dodge about the "take," it would rank as the best on record with rod and reel.

— The owner of Washington Irving will trot him against Rapid for $500 a side, mile heats, three in five, under saddle, to go either at Schenectady or on Fashion Course.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Great Turf Event in California.

200 MILES IN 8 HOURS 2 MINUTES 48 SECONDS.

300 MILES IN 14 HOURS AND 9 MINUTES.

Quite a prominent turf event took place at San Francisco, Cal., on the 2d inst., of which we cull the details as sent to the Chicago *Tribune* by a correspondent, dated Aug. 3. He says:—"It has long been asserted by competent horsemen that the common Mexican or California horse, or, as he is commonly designated "mustang," is the most enduring animal in the world, and that his speed, if fairly put to the test, would astonish the advocates of "blooded stock," high feeding and fancy training. The English and Americans from the older States, who have been brought up to use the infamous pig-skin saddles, double reins, martingales, short stirrups and whips, always stoutly assert, in spite of the evidence of their own eyes, that the Spanish-American riding, with Spanish bit, comparatively heavy saddle and long stirrup, sitting at ease and perfectly erect, with the legs straightened out at full length, as if they were walking, and mounted on under-sized horses of Arabian or Moorish descent, could not accomplish the distance, nor ride with so little fatigue as the Englishman, mounted on his high-bred, bob-tailed bay, with a little bit of pig-skin under him, a snaffle bit in his horse's mouth, on which he pulled with both hands and his main strength, all the time forcing his horse's neck out of its natural position and thereby impeding his respiration, while he himself bobbed up and down like a demented pump handle, rising and falling with every movement of the horse. A few years since I was talking to an old Californian, who mentioned the fact that before the cession of California to the United States the young men of Los Angelos were compelled to go to Santa Barbara for their license to marry. The distance was sixty-five miles by mountain trails and along the sea shore, taking the shortest cut they could make, yet the young Caballeros made it a point of honor always to ride there and back within the 24 hours preceding their marriage, making the entire distance of 150 miles, the toughest kind of riding in a hot dry climate, with a single horse. They would leave Los Angelos after dinner, riding at a gallop all the way, and reaching Santa Barbara before midnight, take a sleep until morning, get the license, and ride back in the blazing sun, arriving in season for the celebration of the nuptials in the afternoon, then dance all night at the grand ball given in honor of the auspicious event. An Englishman, who heard this statement, remarked instantly, "Haw, well, that's all very well for Mamericos, but an Hinglishman would a done it in half the time!" What more could be said? Now it is known that the greatest feat of horsemanship ever accomplished in England was that of Mr. Osbaldiston, who rode 200 miles in 8 hours and 42 minutes, and he was a small man, riding large and powerful horses. No other Englishman has ever equaled this feat. On May, 1858, Jack Powers rode 150 miles in 6 hours 43 minutes and 34 seconds, riding California stock; and subsequently Tom McNabb rode 200 miles in 10 hours.

About a month since a party of horsemen were discussing the question of the comparative merits of imported blooded stock and the common California mustangs, and the different styles of riding, when Edward Whipple offered to bet $5,000 against $2,000 that no man could be found to ride 300 miles in 15 consecutive hours. He was at once taken up by Louis Burns and John Cahill, who named N. H. Mowery as the man to ride. The match was all agreed upon the spot, and since then there has been constant betting going on as to the result. You will see that he must average a mile every three minutes for fifteen consecutive hours, allowing nothing for loss of time in changing horses at every second, third or fourth mile, accidents or unaccountable delays. The general feeling was that he could never succeed, and in the betting the odds were decidedly against him. Yesterday (Sunday, Aug. 2) was fixed on for this race against time. The race took place at Bay View Park, a few miles north of the city, over a mile track. The animals, thirty in number, selected by Mr. Mowery, were the common California mustangs and half-breeds, none of them full sized, but all formed of the indomitable pluck and life which belongs to the descendants of the gallant fleets which were ridden into Spain by the fiery followers of Musa and Tarie, when at the bidding of the Commander of the Faithful, the conquerors of Africa poured into Europe, there to spread the knowledge of the true God and the law of the Koran.

Mr. Mowery, an old Californian, apparently of about the middle age, weighs 160 pounds, and rode with a heavy Mexican-California saddle, Spanish bit and free rein. At twenty minutes to 5 in the morning he sprang into the saddle and rode the first horse four times around the track—that is to say four miles—at a dead run. Attendants stood ready at the stand to saddle and bring out the fresh horses as he beckoned for them in coming around; and he changed animals rapidly, riding none of them three miles after the first, and few of them more than two. The Mexican style of "vaulting" was constantly resorted to. An attendant would ride one fourth or one third of the way down the track to meet him as he came in, wheeling his horse, ride back just behind him yelling *vamos! vamos! whoop-ah vamos!* and swinging his hat as if frantic. This would start the flagging animal into redoubled exertions, and he would come in fairly flying. A single sharp pull on the Spanish bit would stop the animal in a second, and in two or three more the rider would be on a fresh animal and off again. Sometimes the mile or two miles would be ridden one way around the track, sometimes the other, in order to relieve the rider by change as far as practicable. Early in the morning the race track was crowded with people, and before 2 P. M. the jam was immense. Up to 12 M. the rider refused all assistance in mounting and remounting, but after that his attendants would occasionally give him a lift, apparently not so much because he required it as for fear that he might do so before the race was over. At the end of two hundred miles a rest was taken, and a placard was displayed from the judges' stand that the two hundred miles had been accomplished in eight hours, two minutes and forty-eight seconds—thus beating by forty minutes the time made by Mr. Osbaldeston, with race horses, in England. Then the start was made on the three hundred miles, Mr. Mowery having had a bath and otherwise refreshed himself and appearing good for the two hundred more, if required. The bets now changed, and large odds were offered on his winning, with but few takers, and those of the obstinate English bob-tail and pig-skin school. He now made a mile in 3:08 and the average speed was 2:30 throughout. There was a very heavy wind blowing across the track at this time, and the average speed must have been considerably unfavorably affected by this fact; nevertheless he "kept up his lick" amid the cheering of the crowd, never flagging for an instant. A halt was made for a second bath, and from time to time an attendant would dash a little water over Mowery's head as he rode along. At one time a friend who was at the stand ran forward and offered his own horse for a ride over the track. Mowery was on him in an instant and rode, not only once, but three times around. As he came around the second time, the owner made a fruitless attempt to catch him, and only succeeded in catching a fall, as the rider, sitting erect as a bronze statue, dashed past. The crowd yelled with delight at this, and as Mowery came around the third time, shouted to him to "go it again," but that would have been carrying the joke too far, and he changed horses, while the officious friend led his own away amid the jeers and cheers of the spectators. At 11 minutes to 7 P. M., just fourteen hours and nine minutes from the start, the three hundredth mile was accomplished, and a perfect roar of applause broke from the multitude as the under-rated horseman started "just for luck." The last mile was made in just two minutes and nine seconds, and beating anything previously accomplished in the world in this line. The judges decided the money won and announced the time.

Trotting on the Fashion Course, L. I.

During the past week several trotting matches were decided on the Fashion Course, only one of which was of sufficient importance to justify a detailed report. On Tuesday, the 18th inst., a sweepstakes trot for $500, mile heats, best three in five, came off, the contestants, five in number, being Dr. Ogle's b g Red Rover, to wagon; P. Manne's b m Temptress, to wagon; John Murphy's b g Hollowback, in harness; A. Patterson's r m, in harness; and W. Doble's b m, in harness. Red Rover was the favorite before the start, being backed at even against the field, and his friends showed they were right in their estimate of his merits, for he won in three straight heats. In the third heat he was beaten half a length by both Hollowback and Patterson's roan mare, but as they had done considerable running and were not trotting even when they crossed the score, the judges very properly decided that Red Rover was entitled to the heat, and consequently the race.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., August 18.—Sweepstakes ($500); mile heats, three in five.

R. Ogle's b g Red Rover, to wagon	1	1	1
J. Murphy's b g Hollowback, in harness	2	2	2
A. Patterson's r m, in harness	4	3	3
W. Doble's b m, in harness	5	5	4
P. Mannie's b m, Temptress, to wagon	3	4	5

Time, 2:47½; 2:51½; 2:49¼.

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., a match of two mile heats, in harness, for $1,000, between the brown mare Fanny Sprague, trained and driven by John Murphy, but owned by Mr Peter Cobois, of this city, and a chestnut gelding of unknown pedigree, trained by Alec Patterson, came off on the Fashion Course, and attracted considerable interest among horsemen. The mare, who is a very well-bred one, being by Peter Voorhees' Abdallah Chief, out of an Abdallah mare, had shown herself to be a real good one at the recent Narragansett Fair, and was, consequently, made the favorite at $100 to $70, although it was correctly reported on the track that the gelding had trotted in a trial a few days before, two miles in the fast time of 5:07.

FIRST HEAT.—After a good level send-off the gelding began to show in front as they went around the turn, and was three lengths ahead as they passed the quarter pole in 39 seconds. Both trotted fast along the backstretch, doing the half mile in 1:15½, Murphy still two lengths behind. On the Flushing end the gelding broke, and before Patterson could get him down the mare had given him the go-by, and was enabled, in consequence of a second break on his part, to cross the score on the first mile three lengths ahead in 2:35. A third break by the gelding caused the mare to open a gap of six lengths at the quarter, but on the backstretch he trotted so fast that he lapped her. Just as he did so he broke again and lost half a dozen lengths, which his great speed enabled him to recover as they rattled up the homestretch, and to pass her when within a dozen lengths of the score. At this critical moment he broke again, and the mare beat him by half a length to the score in 5:09¾; the second mile being trotted in 2:34½.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting was now $100 to $50 on the mare. The gelding showed his superior speed by opening a space of three lengths at the quarter pole, in 38 seconds, and four at the old stand, where he broke, and before he struck a trot the mare was six lengths ahead. He nearly caught her again on the homestretch, but again left his feet, and the mare crossed the score four lengths in front in 2:32½. On the second mile the same thing was witnessed, for the gelding kept breaking just when he seemed to have the mare safe, and thus losing ground, which his great speed enabled him to rapidly recover. A distance, when close up, he broke, and his chance was gone, the mare winning by four lengths in 5:06¾.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Wednesday, August 18.—Match $1,000, two mile heats, in harness.

John Murphy entered br m Fannie Sprague.....1 1
Alex. Patterson entered chestnut gelding.....2 2

Time.	First Heat.	Second Heat.
First mile	2:35	2:32½
Second Mile	2:34¼	2:34¾
Total	5:09¾	5:06

BASE BALL.

TOUR OF THE CHAMPIONS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE UNIONS AT INDIANAPOLIS.

A long ride of two hundred and sixty miles from St. Louis brought the Champions to Indianapolis at 1 o'clock on Monday morning, 17th, where they were met by a delegation of the Active Club, with whom they were engaged to play on Monday afternoon, and escorted to the Bates' House. In the morning various parts of the city were visited in order to kill time. Indianapolis is very beautifully situated on a level tract of country, and is on the fair, rapid road of growth, there being no less than ten lines of railroad centering at this spot. When we say that all the party were rambling through the town we must except two of our noted gallants, who were captivated by the bright eyes and coaxing smiles of several of the Indianapolis beauties, and, of course, had to remain in the hotel. We hear that this intercourse with the blushing damsels has had a bad effect, as one of the two already mentioned even now looks down on the rest of the party, while in justice we will say that the other is as (whi)teous as possible under the circumstances. Rain, the constant friend of the club on this trip, fell in the morning, but in the afternoon, although there were black clouds overspreading the earth, no rain fell.

At 2.30 the Unions were driven out to the camp ground, fair ground or ball ground, which ever you may choose to call it, for the place was used during the war as a camp ground and now as a State Fair ground, in which the ball ground is situated. At 3.05 the game commenced with the Actives at the bat. The innings was quickly ended, a passed ball giving them one run. The Unions batted well for eight runs, Martin and Pabor taking care of the outs. The game was attended with little interest, so that any further description would profit little. The spectators numbered but one hundred and fifty, the people seeming to take but little interest in base ball. The Actives have lat-ly consolidated with the Great Western Club, and have greatly strengthened their nine by the accession of five playing members, so that while the playing of the Actives against the Atlantics was exceedingly poor, their display against the Unions was anything but poor. Without further comment we give the score:—

ACTIVE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
McVey, p	2	3	0	1
Blaine, r	3	0	0	3
Smithers, l f	3	1	0	1
Webster, 1st b	4	0	0	1
McDonald, c f	2	0	2	4
Tolm, c	3	1	0	5
Norwood, 2d b	4	0	0	1
Barbour, 3d b	2	1	1	0
Bixbey, s s	2	2	0	0
Totals	27	8	3	13

UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Goldie, 1st b	4	5	0	1
Austin, c f	3	6	1	0
Martin, 2d b	4	3	0	1
Pabor, p	3	5	1	0
Wright, s s	3	6	1	0
Birdsall, c	4	5	1	0
Shelley, 3d b	4	6	0	0
Smith, l f	3	4	0	0
Bellan, r f	2	4	1	2
Totals	27	38	7	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Active	1	0	4	0	0	1	0	0	2	—8
Union	2	0	0	1	2	2	0	1	0	—8

Home runs—Wright, 2; Barbour, 1. Base play—Put out by Webster, 6; Norwood, 2; Goldie, 5; Martin, 2; Wright, 1. Bases on hits—Union, 46; Active, 13. Foul bound catches—Tolm, 6; Birdsall, 3; Wright, 1; Bellan, 1. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 2; Wright, 1. Outs on foul balls—Active, 5 (nine); Union, 11 (times). Umpire—Mr. Harry Carr, of the Union Club, of St. Louis. Scorers—Messrs. A. J. Halford and R. M. Lush. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

THE UNIONS IN LOUISVILLE.

At 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 18th, the Unions left Indianapolis for Louisville, which place they reached at 4 in the afternoon. A delegation from the Louisville club was in waiting on the Ohio shore, and the party were soon on board the James Thompson, and shortly after were on the "Old Kentucky Shore." As soon as rooms had been procured at the Louisville House, the whole party, at the invitation of their Louisville friends, proceeded, by the street cars, to Cedar Hill Park, where a most delightful bath and swim was enjoyed, which reanimated the bodies, as well as re-quickened the already keen appetites of the "boys," and when the hotel was reached, but very few minutes elapsed before the clattering of knives and forks demonstrated the fact that a good appetite is an exceeding help to a good digestion. A fine meal having thus been disposed of, the evening was passed in friendly intercourse, discussing the prospects of the next day, etc. The next day (Wednesday) came, and with it came a heavy rain, which lasted till about eleven o'clock. As usual, however, at this time the sky began to clothe itself with her blue robe, and "old Sol" paid his morning visit, although rather late. At 2.30, a spacious coach was ready for conveying the "champions" to the "grounds." Accompanied by a splendid brass band, the "warriors" were escorted to the place selected for the contest, which, like the grounds of the Louisville Club, at Cedar Hill Park, are the most beautiful that have yet been played on since the "champions" left New York. The whole field is of turf and the infield is as level and attractive as any in the country. The outer field gradually rises as it recedes from the bases, thus giving the fielders a magnificent view of all going on below (?) them. Mr. Truman, of the Eagle Club, having been selected as umpire, the Louisville Club took up the ball, sending the "invaders" to the field. Three successive "whitewashes" graced the record of the Louisville, while in the same innings the Unions scored nineteen. In the fourth innings the Louisville boys secured three. In the seventh innings, the order of the day being batting, the "warriors" let out a little, just for fun, and quickly ran up a score of twenty-four, when Birdsall ended the innings by giving a chance of a fly-catch to Robinson, which was quickly accepted. In the eighth and ninth innings Bodie was sent in to the end, and the change gave the Unions but two runs in the next two innings, the final score ending fifty-nine to eleven for the Unions. In the evening, by invitation of the Louisville Club, the party repaired to Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrel entertainment, where a congenial evening was passed. Below is the score:—

LOUISVILLE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Powell, r f	4	0	0	0
Anderson, p	4	1	0	2
Dickens, c	4	1	3	1
Booth, 1st b	4	2	1	1
Pope, 2d b	4	1	0	2
Tracy, s s	4	1	0	1
Symmes, 3d b	3	2	0	0
Colemen, c f	3	2	1	1
Robinson, l f	3	2	0	3
Totals	37	11	5	11

UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Goldie, 1st b	6	1	0	
Austin, c f	3	6	1	1
Martin, 2d b	4	7	0	1
Pabor, p	5	6	0	1
Wright, s s	3	7	1	3
Birdsall, c	5	8	0	2
Shelley, 3d b	4	6	0	2
Smith, l f	3	4	0	2
Bellan, r f	3	4	1	2
Totals	37	59	3	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Louisville	0	0	0	0	3	0	5	4	0	—11
Union	3	5	11	3	6	5	24	0	2	—59

Home runs—Goldie, 1; Austin, 1; Wright, 1. Base play—Put out by Dickens, 3; Booth, 1; Goldie, 4; Martin, 3; Wright, 3. Bases on hits—Union, 49; Louisville, 13. Foul bound catches—Dickens, 5; Birdsall, 5. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 5. Outs on foul balls—Louisville, 7; Union, 5. Umpire—Mr. H. C. Truman, of the Eagle Club, of Louisville. Scorers—Messrs. J. H. Nicholson and R. M. Lush. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

UNIONS vs. EAGLE.

On Thursday, 20th, the opponents of the Unions were the Eagle Club, of Louisville. Previous arrangements had been made with the Olympic Club for a game on this day, but as the latter club had played two weeks previously, the arrangement was made with the Eagle Club. During the morning another visit was paid to the bathing reservoirs, swinging, tossing the ball, and lesser exercises were indulged in, when an impromptu foot race was arranged between George Wright, Shelley, Martin and Smith. The first heat was won by Wright, Shelley being second. The second heat was again won by Wright, Martin this time being second, although Shelley had stumbled in the course of the race. The "impediment" was distanced.

At half-past two the "warriors" were conducted to the grounds, and the game commenced at 2.25, with the Unions at the bat. The Eagle players are all very young, the average age of the nine being about nineteen. They have shown themselves, however, to be first class players, they having lately defeated the Louisville twenty-seven to nineteen, and previously played them twenty-two to twenty-two in ten innings. Hoped were indulged by the citizens that the Eagles would be more successful against their powerful adversaries than the Louisville had been.

The score, however, tells a different story. Two beautiful fly catches mark this game, one by B. Speed and one by Geo. Wright. The batting of the Unions during their stay was rather huge, no less than one hundred and ninety-seven bases being secured on hits, and a total of one hundred and eighteen runs. Below will be found the score of the game:—

EAGLE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
J. Speed, 3d b	4	0	0	3
H. Truman, c	3	1	0	1
Anderson, c f	4	0	0	0
Bodley, p	3	0	1	2
Merrill, r	4	0	0	0
Bayless, s s	2	1	0	0
T. Truman, 2d b	2	1	0	0
Walworth, 2d b	2	1	0	4
B. Speed, 1st b	3	0	0	1
Totals	27	4	2	13

UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Goldie, 1st b	5	0	0	0
Austin, c f	4	1	0	0
Martin, 2d b	5	2	0	3
Pabor, p	5	3	0	3
Wright, s s	5	7	0	3
Birdsall, c	5	8	1	0
Shelley, 3d b	4	6	0	0
Smith, l f	4	6	0	0
Reynolds, r f	4	7	1	1
Totals	27	59	3	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eagle	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	—4
Union	3	5	4	10	6	0	8	12	11	—59

Home runs—Pabor, 1. Base play—Put out by Bodley, 1; B. Speed, 7; Goldie, 10; Martin, 3. Bases on hits—Union, 87; Eagle, 2. Foul bound catches—H. Truman, 6; Birdsall, 3. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 2. Outs on foul balls—Eagle, 6 (times); Union, 8 (times). Umpire—Mr. Ike Lush, of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia. Scorers—Messrs. Walter S. Escott and Richard M. Lush. Time of game—Two hours and fifty-five minutes.

UNION vs. BUCKEYE.

The game between the Buckeyes, of Cincinnati, O., and the Unions came off on Saturday afternoon, the 22d. The Bucks were first to the bat, Sweasy sending one to Martin, who passed it to Goldie in time; Hurley then went out on a fly to Shelley, and then Leonard reached first, stealing around and home. Lanfersieck, on weak hands, struck out. One run for a start. The champions started out with an "0," Goldie and Austin tipping out on the foul to Fisher's hot uns, and Martin sending a grounder to right field, which Hurley hove to Doyle in time. The fielding was now sharp on both sides, so that at the close of the 6th innings the score stood 7 to 6 in favor of the Buckeyes. In the 7th innings the latter were whitewashed, and the Unions took a streak of batting, and, aided by some misfielding of the Buckeyes, added five to the score, thus taking the lead by four. In the 8th innings the Cincinnati boys were again retired seriatim, Doyle and Brookshaw at first, and Meagher on a foul bound. On the champion side Shelly tipped out; Smith sent one smack at Fisher, who passed it to Doyle at first, and Bellan went out on a feud to Leonard, consequently being whitewashed in quick style. In the last innings for the Bucks McMullen was taken on the fly by Martin at second; Fisher on a foul fly finely clung to by Birdsall. Sweasy reached first in a grounder, well stopped but badly thrown by Wright. Hurley went to second on a hot 'un through Goldie's fists, sending Sweasy to third. Leonard then hove an immense fly which was beautifully taken in right field by Bellan, leaving Sweasy and Hurley on the bases. Had it not been caught, there would have been two more added to the score, with Leonard on second, as a good prospect of winning the game. But the Bucks had made their last run in this game, and the Unions were credited with another whitewash. The catch upon Goldie was taken by Fish on the fly. Austin was next and got to first on a safe hit over short. Martin popped up a foul which Fisher took. Pabor reached first, sending Shelley in, their only run. Wright sent a bee-liner to Meagher in left field, who dropped it. Birdsall hit a hot grounder to Brookshaw, who passed it to first, putting the side out, with Wright and Pabor left on third and second. The game was close and exciting from the start, and the champions certainly had all they could do to save themselves. There was great excitement in Porkopolis over the game, and opinions were quite free that the Unions would meet their match in the Cincinnatis. The pitching was irregular on both sides and the umpire was too lenient. An immense concourse was in attendance. Below is the score:—

BUCKEYE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Sweasy, 3d b	3	1	1	0
Hurley, r f	3	1	1	1
Leonard, c	3	1	2	0
Lanfersieck, 2d b	4	0	0	1
Doyle, 1st b	3	0	0	1
Brookshaw, s s	2	2	1	1
Meagher, l f	4	0	0	0
McMullen, c f	3	1	1	0
Fisher, p	4	0	0	1
Totals	27	6	6	5

UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Goldie, 1st b	5	0	0	0
Austin, c f	4	1	0	0
Martin, 2d b	5	2	0	3
Pabor, p	5	3	0	3
Wright, s s	5	7	0	3
Birdsall, c	5	8	1	0
Shelley, 3d b	4	6	0	0
Smith, l f	4	6	0	0
Bellan, r f	3	4	1	0
Totals	40	37	2	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Olympic	7	1	5	6	3	4	2	0	5	—33
Hrary Clay	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	—5

Umpire—H. Graffen, of the Camden. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

OLYMP vs. COMMONWEALTH.

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
Dick, 2d b	3	12
Dennison, 1st b	3	9
Gwynn, r f	4	3
McLean, 3d b	5	9
Cope, c f	1	10
Young, r f	3	9
Woods, s s	3	9
Robinson, l f	4	8
Leech, p	3	11
Total	37	93

COMMONWEALTH.	H.L.	R.
Deshong, 3d b	5	3
Boeshon, p	4	3
obell, 2d b	4	3
Prettyman, s f	5	3
Cushing, s s	4	2
Tomlin, 1st b	3	2
Freeman, c	4	3
Hull, r f	3	4
Fry, 1st b	4	1
Total	37	29

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Olympic	6	15	5	4	1	13	17	21	13	—97
Commonwealth	1	2	0	0	4	1	0	5	4	—29

Umpire—Mr. Bally, of the Olympic.

THE MUTUAL BALL CLUB of Meadville, Pa., played a match on the 25th ult., at Venango with the Venango Club, which the latter won by a score of 47 to 43. On the 7th inst. they played with the Unknowns of Jamestown, N. Y., which the Unknowns won by a score of 43 to 24. On the 12th they beat the Unknowns of Mercer, Pa., by 58 runs. Totals, 60 and 22. On the 18th they were victorious over the Socials, of Saegerstown, by a score of 50 to 4, and on the 20th they put the Erie City Club to route by a score of 60 to 36.

MARYLAND vs. CREIGHTON.—The former, of Baltimore, and the latter, of Norfolk, played a game at Norfolk on the 19th, Maryland scoring 87 to the Creighton's 18.

KEYSTONE CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA.

KEYSTONE vs. ATLANTIC.

On the 15th the well known Keystone Club, of Philadelphia, left home on their annual trip to meet our crack clubs in friendly encounter. The Keystones have lost most of the best players they had last year, when they ranked as the second best club in the City of Brotherly Love. They won a game each from the Atlantics and Mutuals, and gave the renowned Athletics a close rub in the first game of last year's series. Cope, Woods, Dick, McMullen and Robinson left them early this season and betook themselves to the Olympics, of Washington, and other clubs. New faces have taken the places of the old favorites, however, and Flowers, Reach, Kulp, Bechtel and Albertson, with Gwynn, McClarnin, Ewell and Connor, of last season's forces, ought to make a strong nine if properly managed. On the 20th the Keystones played the first game of the series, their opponents being the famous Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn. Having left home on the midnight train, the visitors were not in proper trim to meet so strong a club as the exchampions; but, nevertheless, they played a very good game. While not making a great many runs themselves, they kept their adversaries from running up a large score, and this in itself was considerable of an achievement. The game was short, but not very interesting. The Keystones, with the exception of one or two innings, did not bat with any spirit, while they handled the ball very carelessly at times. The pitching of Bechtel, if it had been well supported, would not have yielded more than ten runs to the Atlantics, but they made 17. Reach (a brother of the Athletic Reach, we believe) showed some good points at second base, and Flowers was at home at short field. Ewell caught well, and Connor did good service at first base, barring one or two muffs. The Atlantics, as usual, were in the best of spirits, and fielded sharply. They didn't get the hang of Bechtel's delivery, however, and this, together with the good fielding of the Keystones, kept their score down to respectable figures. Following is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	2	3	1	1
Smith, 2d b	4	1	1	2
Start, 1st b	4	1	1	3
Chapman, l f	3	2	0	2
Crane, c f	3	3	0	1
Mills, c	1	3	2	0
Ferguson, 3d b	3	0	0	0
Zeilein, p	4	1	0	1
McDonald, r f	4	1	0	3
Totals	27	17	4	15

KEYSTONE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Flowers, s s	3	0	1	1
Reach, 2d b	3	0	1	1
Gwynn, r f	5	0	0	0
Kulp, 3d b	3	2	0	2
McClarnin, c f	3	0	1	1
Connor, 1st b	3	2	1	1
Bechtel, p	2	0	0	1
Albertson, l f	3	1	1	1
Ewell, c	3	2	0	2
Totals	27	7	7	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	0	1	2	2	0	3	5	3	—17
Keystone	0	1	0	0	0	3	2	1	0—7

Out on bases—Atlantic, 12; Keystone, 11. Foul bound catches—Ewell, 3. Catches on strikes—Ewell, 3; Mills, 1. Outs on foul balls—Atlantic, 5; Keystone, 3. Umpire—Mr. Swandel, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Monk and Mornon. Time of Game—One hour and forty minutes.

KEYSTONE vs. ECKFORD.

The Keystones played their second game in this vicinity on the 21st. On this occasion they encountered the crack club of the Eastern District of Brooklyn, the well known Eckfords. The visitors were evidently in better trim for play than when they faced the veteran Atlantics, and in consequence they gave their opponents a close rub for the trophy. Bosler took Albertson's place in the nine and proved to be quite an addition. He played behind the bat till near the close, when he gave way to Ewell, having received a slight injury. The score stood five each in the second innings, but in the third the Keystones made lively work for the fielders, punishing Malone for ten runs. Nelson at short stop helped them materially in run getting in the second and third innings, the result being a total of 15. During this time the Eckfords had only made five runs, the sharp fielding of Kulp, Flowers, Reach and Connor retiring them for for blanks in the first and second innings. Martin went in to pitch on the fourth innings, and from this time out the contest became more even and very exciting. Although the score was 15 to 5 against the Eckfords, they made a good up hill fight of it and, scoring 22 runs to 9, won the game by the skin of their teeth, the totals being 27 to 24. It took nearly four hours to play the game, through the negligence of the umpire in not calling balls and strikes. On the eighth innings a wrong decision on first base gave the Eckfords two or three more runs than they were entitled to, and this caused an unpleasant feeling among the visitors. The infielding of Kulp, Flowers, Reach and Connor was superb. McClarnin was also good at left field. Bechtel and Gwynn alternated in pitching, the former being the most effective. With the exception of Nelson, the Eckfords all played well. Martin's pitching bothered the visitors more than Malone's, and it was with difficulty that he was hit beyond the bases. Hodes captured eleven on fouls, mostly from Martin's delivery, and gave very few chances for stealing bases. Following is the score:—

KEYSTONE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Flowers, s s	5	3	0	2
Reach, 2d b	5	1	0	1
Gwynn, r f	1	3	2	0
Kulp, 3d b	3	2	1	3
McClarnin, l f	4	3	0	1
Bechtel, p	4	1	1	1
Connor, 1st b	3	3	0	0
Bosler, c	2	2	0	1
Ewell, c f	2	3	1	1
Totals	27	24	5	11

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Allison, 1st b	3	2	2	0
Wood, 2d b	5	3	1	0
Eggler, c f	3	4	0	1
Martin, p	4	4	2	0
Nelson, s s	5	0	1	1
Patterson, l f	4	5	0	3
Hodes, c	2	3	2	4
Malone, r f	3	0	2	0
Holmes, 3d b	2	4	0	1
Totals	27	27	8	12

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Keystone	0	5	10	0	0	2	4	2	1—24
Eckford	0	5	0	0	3	4	4	8	3—27

Out on bases—Keystone, 8; Eckford, 13. Foul bound catches—Bosler, 2; Ewell, 1; Hodes, 5; Nelson, 1. Catches on strikes—Holmes, 1. Double plays—Eggler and Allison. Outs on foul balls Keystone, 11 times; Eckford, 5 times. Umpire—Mr. Smith, of the —Fulton Club. Scorers—Messrs. Mornen and Watson. Time of game—Three hours and thirty-five minutes.

KEYSTONE vs. MUTUAL

The Keystones played their last game in this vicinity on the 22d, having tor their opponents the Mutual Club. The contest was, like the one of the previous day, tedious and uninteresting. The umpire allowed the pitchers to do just about as they liked, and it seemed more like a game of five or six years ago, when the rules in regard to unfair balls were very different from what they are at the present time. The Keystones made a good stand against their noted opponents, and had the best of the game at the end of the fourth innings, 12 to 8. The Mutuals made a rally on the fifth innings, however, and by some of the cleverest batting they have done this season, made 11 runs. This gave them a handsome lead, which they retained till the close, the grand total being 26 to 19. Dockney and Reade made the longest hits of the game, the former getting two and the latter one home run. Albertson caught four fly balls and Galvin three. The fielding of the Mutuals was not to their high standard in the Atlantic match. Devyr, in particular, was very careless. The following is the score:—

MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
McMahon, l f	1	6	0	1
Dockney, c	3	4	0	1
Wolters, p	4	3	0	0
Pike, 1 b	7	0	0	0
Galvin, c f	2	2	2	3
Stockman, 3d b	3	3	0	2
Devyr, s s	1	3	2	1
Swandel, r f	3	3	0	1
Finaly, 2d b	3	2	1	2
Totals	27	29	5	11

KEYSTONE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Flowers, s s	4	5	0	1
Reach, 2d b	5	7	0	1
Gwynn, r f	4	3	0	0
Culp, 3d b	4	5	0	0
Bechtel, p	4	4	0	0
Conner, 1st b	3	2	0	0
Albertson, l f	4	3	1	4
Ewell, c	3	2	0	2
Totals	27	19	3	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Mutual	3	2	3	0	10	4	3	0	1	—26
Keystone	0	5	1	5	1	3	3	2	1	—19

Home runs—Dockney, 2; Reach 1. Out on bases—Mutual, 11; Keystone, 13. Foul bound catches—Dockney, 3; Ewell, 4. Catches on strikes—Ewell, 1. Scorers—Messrs. Dongan and Mornen. Umpire—Mr. Elijah Holmes, of the Oriental Club of Greenpoint.

TOUR OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB OF WASHINGTON

THEIR GAME IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Olympic Club, which played a series of games in our city week before last, finished its two weeks' playing tour in Philadelphia, on the 21st. On the 17th, the Olympics had the noted Athletics for their opponents, and were defeated by a score of 35 to 27. On the 18th they defeated the Olympics, of Philadelphia by a score of 37 to 20. On the 19th they met the Keystones, when, as the latter claim out the umpire decided, they were beaten by a score standing 42 to 29. A letter from the Secretary of the Olympics, Mr. J. F. Allen, however, says the tenth innings was not finished, as it became too dark. According to his story, after the Keystones had made four runs in the tenth innings they received orders from their captain to "strike out." Then the Olympics refused to put them out, and the spectators crowding in on the players at this point, the game was not finished. Mr. Allen acknowledges that the umpire, Mr. Theodore Bomeisler, gave the game to the Keystones, but claims that the Olympics retained the ball and will contest the matter before the Judiciary Committee of the District of Columbia. In their games with the Harry Clay and Commonwealth Clubs they gained signal victories. We append the scores, without further comment, in the order in which they were played:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	3	5
McBride, p	5	5
Radcliffe, c	5	5
Wilkins, s s	4	3
Fisher, 1st b	3	4
Sassenderter, c f	4	2
Foran, 3d b	4	2
Duhl, r f	3	2
Cuthbert, l f	2	3
Berry, r f	1	5
Total	35	41

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
Force, s s	3	5
Deanison, 1st b	3	3
Malone, c	4	3
McLean, 3d b	4	4
Cope, r f	4	4
Beachel, p	4	4
Woods, c f	4	2
Robinson, l f	4	3
Leech, p	3	5
Total	37	37

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	4	0	3	3	6	7	0	1	2—35
Olympic	2	5	2	1	1	2	7	5	2—27

Umpire—Mr. Beechtel, of the Keystone. Time of game—Three hours and forty minutes.

OLY	H.L.	R.
OLYMPIC (Wash.)		
Force, s s	4	4
Dennison, 1st b	3	5
Malone, c	1	6
McLean, 3d b	1	5
Cope, r f	4	4
Dick, 2d b	1	3
Woods, c f	1	5
Robinson, l f	3	4
Leech, p	3	5
Total	37	37

vs.

OLY	H.L.	R.
OLYMPIC (Phil.)		
Harrop, p	5	1
Cram, 1st b	2	4
Aitken, r f	3	2
Hensley, c f	3	2
Eckendorf, 3d b	4	1
Hellings, 2d b	3	2
Miller, c	3	3
Welsh, s s	3	3
Bailey, l f	2	2
Total	37	20

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Washington	0	2	12	4	3	6	6	4	2—37
Philadelphia	1	1	2	2	10	0	0	4	0—20

Umpire—John Sensenderfer, of the Athletic. Time of game—Two hours and fifty-five minutes.

OLYMPIC vs. KEYSTONE.

KEYSTONE.	H.L.	R.
Flowers, s s	4	5
Reach, 2d b	5	7
Gwynn, r f	4	3
Culp, 3d b	4	5
Bechtel, p	4	4
Conner, 1st b	3	4
Albertson, l f	4	3
Ewell, c	3	5
Total	31	42

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
Dick, 2d b	2	5
Dennison, 1st b	3	4
Malone, c	4	3
McLean, 3d b	5	3
Cope, c f	2	5
Young, r f	3	3
Woods, s s	3	3
Robinson, l f	4	3
Leech, p	4	3
Total	30	32

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Olympic	3	2	6	1	1	2	5	1	5	3—29
Keystone	4	0	0	0	1	8	0	0	3	1—42

Umpire—Mr. Theo. Bomeisler.

OLYMPIC vs HARRY CLAY.

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
Dick, 2d b	1	6
Dennison, 1st b	2	5
Malone, c	5	4
McLean, 3d b	4	0
Cope, c f	1	6
Young, r f	3	2
Woods, s s	3	5
Robinson, l f	4	4
Leech, p	3	3
Total	40	35

HARRY CLAY.	H.L.	R.
Roth, l f	3	2
Severn, c f	4	1
Collum, s s	3	2
Duncan, c	3	0
Holzer, 1st b	3	1
Murphy, 3d b	3	1
Shuman, r f	3	1
Rivers, p	3	0
Welsh, 2d b	2	1
Total	30	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	7	3	5	6	3	4	2	0	5—35
Hrary Clay	1	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0—5

Umpire—H. Graffen, of the Camden. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

OLYMP vs. COMMONWEALTH.

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
Dick, 2d b	3	12
Dennison, 1st b	3	9
Gwynn, r f	4	3
McLean, 3d b	5	9
Cope, c f	1	10
Young, r f	3	9
Woods, s s	3	9
Robinson, l f	4	8
Leech, p	3	11
Total	37	93

COMMONWEALTH.	H.L.	R.
Deshong, 3d b	5	3
Boeshon, p	4	3
obell, 2d b	4	3
Prettyman, s f	5	3
Cushing, s s	4	2
Tomlin, 1st b	3	2
Freeman, c	4	3
Hull, r f	3	4
Fry, 1st b	4	1
Total	37	29

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	6	15	5	4	1	13	17	21	13—97
Commonwealth	1	2	0	0	4	1	0	5	4—29

Umpire—Mr. Bally, of the Olympic.

THE MAINE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Kon Club, of Portland, Me., went to Norway on the 21st inst., to play the Bonnesmeuse Club, of that place, for the silver ball and the State championship. The game was well contested throughout, and resulted in a victory for the Kons by a score

MY ADVICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I lean from my window and sit and wait,
As deeper the shadows grow,
And watch and listen to hear his step
On the gravelled walks below;
And the moon comes up, and the sun goes down
To his gilded home in the West—
And I hunger and long to hear the voice
Of the one that I love best.

But, instead, there comes the sound of a drum
On the balmy evening air!
And th' untamed bassoon, and the bugle shrill,
And the wheezy flute are there!
With the squeak of a suffering violin,
And the moan of a double-bass—
The colic-stricken trombone-groans out,
And the cymbals have lost their place.

That dismal little village band
That is practising, over the way,
Seems intatuate with the wild idea
That it knows how to play!
Whenever there happens to be a moon
It gathers in that Town Hall,
And its quicksteps and waltzes and other things
Sound like the old Dead March in Saul.

O, painter, stick to your brush and pot!
O, carpenter, seek your plane!
And never, I pray you, clarionet
Or drum take up again:
O, Village Band, from out your midst
The soul of music has fled!
Stop murdering Tune and Harmony,
And go home and go to bed! J. H. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 19.—About Some Defunct Theatres.

It is really astonishing to compute the large number of play houses which have been erected in this city, served the purposes of their erection and then passed away, their very sites being by this time irrecognizable amid the mass of commercial buildings which are annually burying, beneath their massive walls, all vestiges of buildings which the past generation were wont to consider as the extent of architectural grandeur. In no other city of the world has such a succession of theatres sprung, as if by the touch upon Aladin's Lamp, into solid existence, and then as suddenly disappeared from sight, either crumbling before the violence of the fiery element or the equally destructive encroachments of mercantile enterprise. In Europe the ground once allowed to theatrical purposes appears consecrated to the drama, temple replacing temple in the event of destruction by accident or design, and the perversion of the premises to foreign purposes would be regarded as a species of sacrilege almost akin to the desecration of a churchyard. But with us the sway of commerce rules omnipotent, and at its dictation houses are swept away as by a devastating flood, and the most sacred of edifices are habitually violated to gratify the humors of the merchant princes. To make room for palatial warerooms the bones of our ancestors are exhumed and tossed from place to place, while halls dedicated to the service of the Deity, wherein once resounded the songs of Zion, now-a-days reverberate with the clang of horses' hoofs, as the steed of the trader millionaire paws the ground which, a few years back, covered the bones of our fathers.

I can remember these younger days when the expiring blast of puritanical zeal was levelled particularly against the morality of dramatic performances; when pious congregations prayed for actors, and little children were well trounced for expressing admiration for some "play diverting vagabond." Preaching and praying proving ineffectual to exterminate the heretical amusement, the zealots of Boston condescended to make use of more worldly means to rid themselves of the enemy, and the Tremont Theatre being in embarrassed circumstances, creditants, to whose exhortations and execrations the financial deficiency could be mainly attributable, conceived the practical idea of purchasing the establishment and of converting it into a house of prayer. The contributions of the faithful accomplished this business design, and Tremont Theatre, purified and purged of wickedness, and made holy by clerical incense, was opened, with all the clamor of exultant frenzy, for the visitation of the godly under the renovated title of Tremont Temple. This triumph over Moloch, although conducted upon purely worldly principles, was too glorious a victory not to find envious emulators in our own town, who cast their eyes about to discover some Thespian edifice in a tight place, which, by a similar application of hard cash might, in like manner, be confiscated from Satan, that New York should no be behind the Hub in the ebullition of anti-theatrical piety.

There existed in Chatham street a species of minor theatre, situated at the rear of some lots, which through a stretch of imagination had been designated gardens. This theatre, which had been designed as a rival to the Park, although upon an insignificant scale, in the then aristocratic quarter of the city, was seized upon by the puritan element as a proper edifice for purification, and converted to church purposes, and, as memory of the frightful calamity incurred by the burning of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre still lingered in the minds of the elder of the population, it was very readily transformed into the Chatham Street Chapel.

In connection with the anti-theatrical crusade this burning of the Richmond Theatre played a most prominent part, as the destruction of human life there occurring was proclaimed as proof positive of divine wrath against theatre-goers. The same energy and zeal in stigmatizing the Morgan excitement in the prosecution of Freemasonry was infused into the anti-theatrical crusade, which emanated from those religious bodies who had rendered themselves conspicuous against the Masons. Like every other ebullition of hyper-religious frenzy, the storm evoked by puritanical prejudice, this demonstration against the drama and its professors gradually subsided into impotency as the younger generation outgrew the influence of their elders, when, strange to say, its virulence was transferred to the rural districts, where it still lingers in intensity of fierceness as people among whom the theatre has never had an actual existence.

The Lafayette Theatre was another unfortunate speculation in an attempt to supplant the Park in public favor, principally on account of its location in Laurens street, near Canal. Despite an excellent stock company and an earnest endeavor to familiarize the public with an approximation towards the *ton*, the theatre was not a financial success, consequently it was not rebuilt after its destruction by fire.

The *ballet* master of the Lafayette subsequently became quite a character in our city as master of ceremonies at our public balls and instructor of the art in private, he being the most popular and sought after preceptor of our budding aristocracy. Mr. Conway was likewise an author, for he published a treatise on the dance, embellished with a large copper-plate frontispiece, giving full length portraits of himself, his wife and his wife's sister, a Miss Delille. In the ringing ability with the exercisers addicted to saltatorial exercises, in sooth to duplicated figure in which the group flourished on the stage. The fashionable dancing academy of Conway was in Mulberry street, between Spring and Broome, and the front windows of his establishment overlooked a series of slaughter houses in constant operation, so the belles of my time were neither squeamish nor fastidious as to location. But as Conway prospered in business, he removed to Broadway near Canal, where he erected quite an extensive assembly room, subsequently known as "Concert" or "Minerva" Hall, where he grew rich through increased popularity. The last I saw of our fashionable *maitre de danse* was his keeping a hardware store in the remote regions of Union Square, while the divine Miss Debin was carried off to the hymenial altar by a seductive bootmaker, whose good looks and gracious manner bore off a prize coveted by many a "nob" of the Corinthian persuasion.

Chatham Square boasted a diminutive temple of the drama, there dispensed at very low prices. Its most prosperous season was under the management of Dinneford, afterwards of the Bowery, where the mele-dramas of the "Golden Farmer" and "Mob, the Outlaw" became a temporary rage with the admirers of John Sefton, with us the original Jemmy Twitcher. But overshadowed by the Chatham Theatre, a new erection on the opposite side of the street from the site of its namesake, which had passed into the hands of the Puritans, the Franklin led a precarious existence. During the period of the Park's compulsory closing, the company from Old Drury attempted to inaugurate a series of standard pieces at an almost nominal fee for admission. They produced Bulwer's comedy of "Money" with an excellent cast, but the audiences who went into ecstacies over Jemmy Twitcher failed to perceive the elegance of the classical drama, and the Park company were compelled to seek temporary employment among the Atlantic cities. The success attending several engagements of these people ultimately proved a source of discomfort, for, haunted into ovations elsewhere, they became inoculated with the starring fever, which seriously affected the harmony and unity heretofore distinguishing the Park company.

The Franklin was the scene of a very rich burlesque enacted by some respectable wags designing to ridicule the then prevalent system of dramatic presentations. For a time not a popular actor could take a benefit at any of the leading theatres without being the recipient of a piece of plate or some such demonstration of popular esteem, ostensibly from a generous public. The general manner in which these presentations were carried out were ridiculous in the extreme as viewed by rational men. After being called before the curtain, the star of the evening was led by some distinguished citizen to the stage, from which another distinguished mumbled some piece of fulsome flattery, to which the actor responded in terms of generous humiliation. Then the audience was treated with the sight of a gold watch or a silver pitcher, and we looked into the next day's newspaper to learn what in the name of heaven the improvised interlude was about.

Learning that a half witted fellow in Boston, named Shales, conceived himself entitled to be regarded as the greatest living American tragedian, George Jones, now the Count Joannes, to the contrary, notwithstanding, forwarded an invitation to the Bostonian to come on to this metropolis, where his admirers were to donate a piece of plate, a watch and tea service. The Franklin was hired and placed at the disposal of Mr. Shales, who consented to appear in "Richard the Third," and to perform the closing scene upon horseback. In order to give still greater effect to this last portion of the programme, the committee endeavored to induce the proprietor of the "no haired horse," an equine monstrosity which preceded Barnum's woolly noudescript in popularity, to suffer that remarkable quadruped to be bestrode for that evening only by the great tragedian; but one look into the eye of the histrionic Shales, as it was in a fine frenzy rolling, convinced the horse show-man that the condition of his animal under his management would be extra hazardous. Another Rosinante was produced, and the tragedy went off amid the uproarious laughter of an overcrowded audience. True to his promise Shales appeared on his charger, and fought so valiantly that the audience, with one accord, remitted his death scene. The tragedy concluded by the great tragedian being conducted, horse and all, to the stage box for presentation purposes. A distinguished citizen addressed him in complimentary terms according to established custom. Words failed the great actor to reply, when from the proscenium there descended a garland, ingeniously composed of the most fragrant vegetables from a neighboring market. Almost overpowered by the weight of his floral crown, Shales stood manfully under pressure of accumulating honors, while the articles, intended honor, were successively presented to him. The piece of plate was indeed a piece of plate, taken from a dinner set, the watch a property, and the tea service fabricated from block tin. To the credit of the jokers, be it said, that before his departure Shales was further presented with a purse containing the receipts of the house.

The old National, at the corner of Church and Leonard, was originally erected for the Montrezer company of Italian artists, but after their failure it passed into the hands of the elder Wallack, ever popular as an actor and manager. It was during his management that English opera, with Miss Sherlt, Seguin, Wilson, and other vocalists of ability, became thoroughly fascinated, for anterior to Wallack's *regime* it had been regarded rather as an accessory to the drama than as a distinctive. After the burning of the National it was rebuilt by a gentleman named Wilson, who, in compliance with the prevalent taste, produced as an opening novelty a native opera, the music by Charles E. Stone, the libretto wholly or in part by Henry J. Finn, a comedian who had been previously lost at the burning of the steamer Lexington on Long Island Sound. The piece was founded upon some Oriental tale, and was favorably received by the select few who contrived to sit out its duration, as the opera did not conclude until about two in the morning. The infliction was declared surely terrific, and still fewer ventured to patronize a second time a place threatening to outlast their patience; consequently it was withdrawn, to the prejudice of the future prospects of the theatre under its then management.

Mr. Horn was the author of an opera, in three acts, produced at the Park, the libretto by Gen. Geo. P. Morris, the well known song writer and editorial partner of N. P. Willis. The "Maid of Saxony," as the piece was called, despite the strength of the cast and the gallery of the peers, failed to run over a first night, when it was consigned to merited oblivion.

Mr. Wilson retired from the management of the National, thoroughly disgusted with the uncertainties of a theatrical government, and the establishment passed beneath the sceptre of W. E. Burton, until then manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, who brought with him a company from the Quaker City, among whom was Miss Charlotte Cushman. The house was beneath Burton's direction when it was again consumed, whereupon the owner of the ground sagely concluded to devote it to other and less hazardous occupation.

The New Chatham Theatre, the same building which was, a year or so back, converted into stores, had proved a formidable rival to the Bowery for a time, when the management passed into the hands of Mr. Duverna, a practical and enterprising man, who had, at one time, been the stage carpenter of the Park. The great feature of the company had been a gentleman named Kirby, whose performances were peculiarly appreciated by the crowd of newsboys and apprentices who formed the governing mass in the pit, the main reliance of the house for support. Kirby played high tragedy and commonplace melo-drama, with an earnestness and intensity of passion, awakening the sympathies and admiration of his enthusiastic auditors, who hesitated not to express their conviction, in language more forcible than chaste, as to his being the king-pin of the dramatic ring. The death scenes of Kirby were especially novel and effective, hence the candid expression of a juvenile Chathamite, wearied at the duration of a five act tragedy:—"Wake me up when Kirby dies" passed into a critical commentary upon the actor's salient point. During one of the engagements of the younger Kean at the Park, he took advantage of an off night to visit the Chatham, perceiving that the elder Booth was announced to appear that evening. Kean disguised himself to the best of his ability, and, to escape possibility of recognition, modestly took a seat in the pit, but did not arrive until after the tragedy had commenced. Booth had, unfortunately, yielded to his temptation for strong drink, and was, consequently, incapacitated from performing. In this dilemma the management had substituted Kirby to assume Booth's part. Kean, unconscious of the change, watched the piece for an entire act, when, conceiving that there might be another Booth in the dramatic field, enquired of a neighbor, who was evidently well posted, as to whether this was the elder Booth then on the stage. The Chatham's patron bestowed upon the inquisitive stranger a glance of sublime disgust. "That's Kirby, that is," he said with emphasis, "talk about your old Booths and your young Keans, Kirby can lick the whole kit and lot of 'em, that he can, you bet your life on it."

A rival to Kirby in popularity was Mr. John R. Scott, undeniably a man of far superior talent, who, with proper encouragement, would have been a leading tragedian on our stage. It is an old and very truthful adage that a prophet is without honor in his own country, and this was remarkably true with John R. Scott. I witnessed the performances of Forrest in London, as well as the first appearance of Scott in the same capital, when he had long passed his vigorous prime in acting, and his reception was far more gratifying than that of our more celebrated tragedian. Unfortunately, Scott destroyed the favorable impression created by his *debut* through a personal irregularity on his subsequent appearance, and this error decided his future prospects in England, where the infirmities of genius publicly exhibited have ceased to be tolerated, at least as far as the stage is concerned.

Aided by the advice of some experienced friends, Mr. Duverna energetically worked to raise the character of his establishment as a minor theatre. He redecorated the house, supplied it with a new wardrobe, purchased during a visit to Paris, and elevated the tone of the pieces produced. It was he who successfully introduced Mrs. Barney Williams, then Mrs. Charles Mestayer, to the New York public in that peculiar line of characters she has rendered a specialty on the stage, and I presume that Barney himself will be frank enough to admit that the popularity of his wife has been a powerful auxiliary to his subsequent success. The tragical end of Mr. Duverna was an honorable incident in the history of this theatre. By some strange whim, while at letting the house to his successors in the management, he reserved a private box on the upper tier, which he fitted up and used as a sleeping apartment. By some miscalculation in the dark, after the audience had departed, Mr. Duverna, in seeking for his lounge, fell over the front of the box into the pit below, where he lingered in intense agony until the discovery of his condition at a late hour in the morning, when assistance proved of no avail.

I recollect in Broadway a very pretty little theatre, in the creation of which Palmo and a number of Italians had a hand, called the Apollo, standing nearly opposite the termination of Lispenard street. This model dramatic temple was originally designed for the performances of inanimate actors—life-sized puppets, worked by wires and machinery—a Punch and Judy show upon an elaborate scale, technically styled the "Fantoccini." The arrangement was ingenious, but the effect anything but satisfactory; so, after playing "Bombastes Furioso," and several well known humorous pieces to an imperceptible audience, the Fantoccini were consigned to a lumber room to make way for magic lantern professors, strolling magicians and such like exhibitors, until the building came momentarily into possession of a society of art connoisseurs, primarily known as the Apollo Association, and, afterwards as the American Art Union. The design of this corporation was to distribute the works of American artists after the manner of similar institutions in Europe. The Apollo was converted into a gallery for the exhibition of the works of art intended for distribution among subscribers, until the financial success of the experiment authorized a change of name and the occupancy of more ostentatious quarters. Then the Apollo was transformed into a ball and concert room, and as such remained until torn down to give room for the wants of trade.

The Art Union opened a perpetual free gallery on Broadway just above Grand, and the association might have proved a permanent benefit to American art had it not been controlled by a knot of scheming speculators whose sole idea was personal aggrandizement in an indirect pecuniary manner. With all the faults of the management the Art Union was an augmenting success, and might have been in existence to this present day had not the avarice of the speculating managers given rise to a contention which allowed an individual to compass its extinction.

The firm of Goupil, Wibert & Co., the largest print publishers in Paris, while establishing a branch house in this city, conceived the idea of disposing of the valuable collection of paintings in the establishment in Europe upon the system of an art union. At the same time they offered to purchase such engravings as they have since done, works of merit from our native cavers. In pursuance of their design they organized the International Art Union, establishing their gallery at the Athanæa, containing many master pieces by eminent European artists, works infinitely superior to the generality imported into this country. The speculative managers of the American Art Union, instead of honorably competing with the new organization, conceived the idea of crushing it and the firm of Goupil with it, as they had with that unfortunate institution, the Jerome Park Club, which it operated. By exerting political influence, by invoking the assistance of legal officers, by throwing impediments in the work of importations, the art speculators so increased the expenses of the International as to render its abandonment imperative. During the progress of the controversy the American Art managers trod upon the literary corns of my friend Bennett of the *Herald*, who, summoning to his aid his facile pencil, Mr. Gabriel Harrison, another learned in the law, discovered an obsolete statute, according to the provision of which the Art Union was an illegal institution and its pictures liable to confiscation and sale for the benefit of the poor. The speculators were astonished at the turn matters had taken, through a counter appeal to the law courts. They could only plead their act of incorporation as proof of the legality of their acts. The hand writing of the law was upon the wall, the act of the Legislature was dead in the land, as the Constitution of the State prescribed lotteries in any form or for any purpose. The American Art Union was thus judicially suppressed, a victim to its own malicious avarice.

Some years back the idea of a floating theatre to run upon the waters of the Hudson and of Long Island Sound led to the construction of an edifice of that nature, which was grandiloquently christened "The Temple of the Muses." A superannuated steamer, the Virginia, which had been used as a moveable sawmill, was the ground-work selected whereupon to base this novel structure. The vessel possessed one advantage, which the enterprising proprietors doubtlessly took into consideration when contemplating its metamorphosis—its locomotive powers were so defective that once secured to a wharf it would certainly remain there a season. But badinage apart, the floating theatre was an ingenious contrivance and well arranged in its details. In the after part of the vessel was located a theatre capable of holding at least five hundred spectators, with a neat stage, orchestra, &c., suitable for the performance of light pieces, such as our variety combinations would naturally produce. The establishment was illuminated by gas manufactured on board, while saloons were devoted to dressing rooms and other repositories of property, animate and inanimate. One would naturally suppose that a speculation of this character, with the convenience of easy locomotion from the various points along the river, each possessing a sufficiency of population to sustain at least a two days' show, would have been crowned with success. But the experience of the projectors of this floating theatre, and dearly purchased at that, clearly demonstrated that country people, when at home, and beneath natural supervision, were deeply impressed with the anti-theatrical sentiment to venture to brave public opinion by attending a proscribed entertainment. The Temple of the Muses scarce survived its experimental trip, for after seeking scant patronage upon the still waters, it ventured to tempt the hospitality of the sea shore. Finally it went ashore upon Coney Island and there remained a helpless wreck.

There was another Temple of the Muses in Canal street near Broadway; devoted, however, to entertainments of a totally different character, being the chosen abode of those creatures who are beings professed into a service of immorality by exhibiting themselves under the title of model artists. Although there were many establishments in town where, through indulgence of the police, females were permitted to pander to depravity by exhibiting themselves in a greater or less degree of nudity, the managers of the Temple of the Muses were entitled to the palm in having discovered both an audience sufficiently unabashed to witness in full publicity a spectacle intrinsically disgusting and a class of females so destitute of the natural instincts of nature as to loan their nude persons for inspection of observers, whose ribald comments aggravated the indecency of the scene.

I remember the earlier exhibitions of the model art in both in London and Paris, and no one with the slightest purity of sentiment could have objected to the living tableaux they presented. We are all familiar with the *vera plastic ars*, or living models designed to represent marble statuary. A surely the rendition of classical master-pieces in accuracy of tint and color, as was the original design of the model artist, is open to no more serious objection upon the score of taste or morals than the prior exhibition of animated statues. It was only after the translation of the entertainment to America that grossness and obscenity were suffered to supplant appreciation. When Keller, the originator of these especial *tableaux vivants* in London, came to this country, his troupe, although decimated by desertion, still presented an array of artistic beauty which contrasted forcibly with the wretched caricatures of humanity foisted upon our public by those managers who would sacrifice a taste for the beautiful in order to propitiate a hankering after the obscene. Yet Keller, who had received commendations from the highest and purest of the London press, and whose representations had been visited by hundreds of the aristocratic world, failed among us to command the attention he deserved, simply because the public confounded an elegant exhibition with a couple of misapplied words.

ELEPHANT STORIES.—The elephant, with a sort of humorous justice, is given to return injuries or insults in kind. In Madagascar an elephant's cornac, happening to have a cocoa-nut in his hand, thought fit, out of bravado, to crack it on the animal's head. The elephant made no protest at the time; but next day, passing a fruit stall, he took a cocoa-nut in his trunk and returned the cornac's compliment so vigorously on his head that he killed him on the spot. In vindictive, the elephant is also grateful. At Pondicherry, a soldier, who treated an elephant to a dram of arrack every time he received his pay, found himself the worse for liquor. When the guard were about to carry him off to prison he took refuge under the elephant and fell asleep. His protector would allow no one to approach, and watched him carefully all night. In the morning, after caressing with his trunk, he dismissed him to settle with the authorities as he best could. Both revenge and gratitude imply intelligence; still more does the application of an unforeseen expedient. A train of artillery going to Seringapatam had to cross a river, the bridge of a single arch. A man who was driving one of the carriage left in another second the wheel would have passed over his body. An elephant walking by the side of the car in saw the danger, and instantly, without any order from his keeper, lifted the wheel from the ground, leaving the fallen man uninjured.

GREAT PIGEON RACE.—The *Epervier*, a Brussels paper, gives an account of the great pigeon race which takes place annually in Belgium. The King offers a valuable prize to the owner of the first bird in, and the Count of Flanders to the owner of the second, the total value of the prizes competed for being 12,000 f. This year 1,501 pigeons were conveyed from Brussels to Agen (Lot-et-Garonne), a distance of more than 500 miles, and were then thrown up, at 5 P.M. under the superintendence of M. Huybrechts, who had been appointed by the Society L'Hirondelle to mark and liberate the pigeons entered for the national concourse of 1868. The first prize was not claimed in Brussels until the following day, when M. Grooters, of that city, presented his bird at 6.04 A.M. A few minutes afterwards the same gentleman claimed the third, fifth, seventh, eleventh, eighteenth and twenty-third prizes from the commissioners. By 9.30 A.M. twenty-one of the pigeons had reached Brussels, eight of them belonging to M. Grooters, who appears to be the most successful pigeon fancier in the world.

BACHELOR'S HALL,

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ONE OF THE CAN'T-GET-AWAYS.

Those who migrate to the rural districts at certain seasons of the year little know how great a relief their departure may be to that class of "unfortunates" whom cares of business compel to remain within the city. The fact is, there is a vast deal of humbug about this whole matter. Nine-tenths of those who resort to the Springs or the seaside are well aware that in so doing they are dooming themselves to unqualified misery; that their skin will be filled with freckles, that their fine complexions will tan to the color of a pump kin, that they will, as a general thing, place themselves where good cigars and wines are unattainable, and that sand and sediment will be incorporated with their flesh, their food and their clothing to such an extent as to render life into a round of washings and scrubbings, which serve simply to prepare the skin for the attacks of hosts of pestiferous insects, from which the denizens of the slandered metropolis are usually exempt. All this, while the "left behind" whom absent ones fondly suppose to be plunged in abject misery, a prey to innumerable discomforts purely imaginary, are really tasting the first actual enjoyment which has fallen within their reach since the last annual hegira. We are commiserated for our good fortune in escaping an infliction which we only know is a penance for the enjoyments of the past.

That was precisely the opinion of Mr. Philomel Jenks as he kissed a parting kiss of the fingers to his pretty but fashionable wife, who was off with her family (including "that unendurable mother in law") for a month's sojourn at some popular rustic resort, where buttermilk and blackberries were to replace the high flavored delicacies of the up-town confectioner, and the children, for perhaps the only time in their lives, might inhale a draught of nature, pure. Jenks (called by acquaintance "Phil" and by his doting wife, "Kidlums,") had a little property of his own, which might have been larger had he been a little less wild in his youth. As a married man he was, even yet, a little of the Sybarite, and, with the bald patch on the apex of his head, effectually concealed by a scratch, was still quite an Adon's to the fair—much to the indignation of his wife, who was a compound of love and jealousy, and watched the minutest actions of her lord as a cat watches those of a mouse. For a day or two Jenks was in full bloom; business, what remained of it, was left in the keeping of the small boy who did the sweeping of his office, while his august employer renewed his acquaintance with the *profanum vulgus* of whose existence he was for the remainder of the year supposed to be entirely ignorant. For a whole day, it is true, he kept his word sacredly with Mrs. Jenks, and shut himself up in the solitary grandeur of his elegant mansion, where, with the piano and furniture in covers, and the pictures in gauze, he felt like one buried alive in a mosoleum, or a toad in a rock. A friend met him a few days after, the centre of a convivial party, in which "lovely woman" was the toast and champagne the medium, and ventured to express his astonishment at the change in his habits.

"The bow is unbent and the arrow has sped to its mark," rejoined Jenks, sententiously. "Let us drink to absent friends;" a libation which he performed as though he had mentally added—"May they always remain so."

There was one peculiarity about Jenks which even the experiences of fashionable life had not been availing to eradicate. He seemed to regard it as a duty to fall in love with every woman he met, and was vain enough to suppose that every woman he met was equally smitten with him. This little idiosyncrasy led him naturally into some very remarkable scrapes, and was productive of certain lectures not a few. For a while Jenks missed the sparkling eyes and the handsome faces which were wont to lend animation to his daily promenade, but billiards, wine, cigars, fast horses and attendant pleasures in some degree atoned for the deprivation. At the end of the first week, with a flask of wine and a box of cigars by his side, and one of the most incorrigible of his cronies to share them, he wrote to his wife in the following lugubrious strain:—

"My darling Angela—"

"Stay adored!" suggested his friend and censoler; "'darling' is too tender, and might fetch her back."

"Adored Angela," resumed Jenks, writing; "ages seem to have passed since you disappeared from my sight like a vanishing star."

"Pleiad," put in Robinson.

"Vanishing lost Pleiad. Only a week, and your 'Kidlums' is disconsolate. Beauty no longer charms me—friendship has lost its ties. (Pass the cliequot, Robinson.) At this moment I am dissolved in grief—"

"Tears," suggested Robinson, drinking to the bright idea.

"Our comfortable home is like a sepulchre."

"Good!" said Robinson, taking a fresh light from Phil's cigar. "In the words of the poet, 'I feel—'"

"That's it," said Jenks; "the very thing;

'I feel as one that treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose mirth is buried, whose lights put out,
And all the guests departed.'

I think that will do," said Jenks, after adding, "I go to church three times on Sunday and to meeting nearly every evening, where I pray for you and the dear children. A thousand kisses. PHIL!"

"Stop," said Mephistophiles, "lest she might come back, better add a postcript:—'P. S.—Dearest pet—the heat here is intense—the streets are like ovens—thermometer 120; five hundred deaths per day from sunstroke.—The cholera has made its appearance—six fatal cases round the corner; flies and mosquitoes terrible. No one in town. Very dull. Kidlums.'"

Jenks jumped at the suggestion, the letter was finished and folded, and Phil, tossing off a glass of wine, embraced his friend, lighted a fresh cigar, and started with Robinson for a game of billiards. It was the first season of freedom from connubial restraint, and Mr. Jenks was disposed to make the most of it. Although the knocker was tied up and the wire disconnected from the bell pull, in token that there was "nobody at home," good policemen might aver that at suspicious hours dusky figures could be seen to enter the mansion aforesaid and hence later mentioned by the rear gateway, who were evidently not the cousins of the cook and chambermaid, and that strange lights of uncarthly brilliancy flashed up in the semi-detached dining room (the "deserted hall," namely), from which at late, or, rail er, *early* hours, the sound of revelry would be heard to proceed. In the course of his peregrinations Jenks had been divert d to the regions of the Bowery, where Robinson had complimented him by an introduction to the Jovial Harmonites—a club of young and middle-aged roysterers whose idea of harmony seemed to consist in making as much discord as possible with the piano, banjos and fiddle, aided by voices remarkable chiefly for volume. Being a singer of considerable (private) repute, "Jenks threw himself" in the sentimental and comic, and, having more money than he knew what to do with, became a favorite and took the chair. Just then he received several letters from Mrs. Jenks, full of the charms and accomplishments of her cousin Kate," whom Jenks had never seen, and whom she was to bring home with her at the end of her visit. Phil resolved to make the most of his time and sail in accordingly. If Mrs. J. had come home on a certain evening about that time she would have witnessed a remarkable spectacle. The floors, sofas and mantels, littered all over with cards, boxing gloves, whips, dog collars, fishing tackle, cigar stumps, odds and ends of saddlery and harness, broken cigar boxes, old muddy boots, and no end of bachelors' truck; the bath had been rigged for convenience in the back parlor, and a regular sportsman's rig had been improvised in the front, while the double drawing room up stairs had been transmogrified into a theatre. The Jovial Harmonites had been installed in state, and made this their headquarters, in which many a scheme of fun and frolic was concocted. I am afraid that Phil had totally forgotten his wife. Had that confiding lady proceeded further with her investigations, she would have found the dining-room occupied by some dozen or so of liberated Benedicts, tossing off their favorite cocktails in front of the *ballet* and the turf, and might even have listened to the inspiriting chorus of

"Vive, vive l'amour,
Cigar and cognac,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
With these we'll bivouac."

And, coming home in the morning might possibly have found three or four of the jovial Harmonites bivouacing, from the joint effects of cigars and cognac, upon the floor.

Sin brings its punishments. Jenks found himself one Sunday morning alone in his gaudy mansion, the possessor of a high-toned headache and a heavy bill from his wine merchant; and there were still two weeks to get through. He was sitting at the bow-window ruminating. He had sent no letters to the country for a week, and already he seemed to have kept bachelor's hall for a twelvemonth. A fearful groan breaks the silence. Suddenly an unfamiliar object attracts his attention. A young woman of remarkable personal attractions, corkscrew ringlets, and all that—is seated at an opposite window. She lifts her eyes, lowers them bashfully, and sighs as she returns to her novel. Jenks was strangely agitated. "Might he hit the a glove upon that hand!" He fancied himself Romeo, and his unknown *ma-ri-vie*, the fair Capulet. "It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!"

The incident being thrice repeated, all the romantic elements of the Jenks disposition was fully aroused. A series of signals was instituted, a bouquet was thrown; it was received; nay, more, it was kissed. Another bouquet came back. Attached to it was a card, bearing, pencilled in delicate hand, the words—"This evening, at the Central Park Gardens, at nine. I shall wear a pink opera cloak, and my little cousin, Johnny, will accompany me."

Jenks was so elated that he could not help taking Robinson into his confidence. "Go, by all means," said Mephistophiles; "there can be no harm in a frolic. Some poor little thing, I dare say, whose family have left her behind to take care of the house and things. My boy, I envy you. In the words of the classic writer, "go in and win!"

Phil went to the garden, but, although it was within the appointed time, the place was so crowded that it was long before he discovered the object of his search. He might still have been doomed to disappointment had it not been for a shower which came on as the audience were dispersing. Fortunate circumstance—Jenks had his umbrella and his pocket book. He had pushed his way across the hall and was offering his neighborly services before he had reflected upon his rashness. An invitation was the consequence, and Jenks was speedily involved in a flirtation with a pretty young widow of romantic tendencies, who had been left in the same plight as himself.

The sport was progressing to admiration when Jenks was aroused from his dream of bliss by the announcement of his wife's intended return. "Tommy has got the measles, Dicky has the mumps, and I've got what folks here call the bipetitus; I don't know what it is," she wrote, "but if our family physician, Doctor Squills, is at home, I think he can cure me—for he's such a nice man."

"Hang Squills!" muttered Jenks; "fates to be away from him, I suppose. Let me catch him taking any liberties, and I'll jalap him! The insinuating——"

He checked himself for obvious reasons. Phil advised with Robinson

"Let's have one more night of it," said Mephistophiles, "and then reform's the word. You shall give a complimentary soiree to the Jovial Harmonies, and each will bring a lady friend, to make the thing spicy. Get her some if you can, and we'll do it in style, with a touch of theatricals, the whole winding up with a ball."

Jenks set Robinson at work, and the designated evening witnessed a change in the premises so long devoted to wassail. The parlors were restored to their former condition, the drawing room only excepted. Music was engaged, and the fashionable confectioner, Carraway, had furnished a dinner that Epicurus might have envied. All the Jovial Harmonites were there with their friends and an equal number of Jovial Harmonitesses. Some clever musical artists had been invited, and a band engaged to lend *eclat* to the entertainment. The concert passed off in style. Then the curtain rang up for the play, which had been written or adapted for the occasion. This extraordinary production, of which I regret I have not a copy, was entitled:—

"THE HUSBAND CAJOLED;
OR,
THE TABLES TURNED,
BY A LADY OF THIS CITY."

Jenks strove in vain to learn the name of the authoress and, failing, withdrew, fastened it upon the unknown.

The action proceeded. Jenks paid little regard to the play, his attention being engrossed by the pink cloak. Six gentlemen of color in white jackets hand round cakes and ices, with lemonade. There was of course, a courting scrape, two rivals, a tyranical, but dissipated husband, a ball room scene, intruded upon by a lady in a mask, who turns out to be the injured wife. Between acts two and three a cance had been provided for, which was kept up at a merry rate until a disturbance arose without, and the servants flying before in a panic, a stout, ruddy complexioned gentleman, with a piratical head of hair and a moustache, burst into the apartment.

"Show me the miscreant that stole my wife!" he shouted.

"My husband!" shrieked the fickle fair one, fainting outright in his arms.

"I'll go find him," said Jenks, attempting to dodge a horse-pistol leveled at him by the stranger.

When the scene appeared to have gone far enough, the lady of the mask advanced between the parties, and removing her disguise, revealed the familiar features of Mrs. Jenks!

Here Jenks would have collapsed, but that the irate husband at this moment removed his false hair, and discovered no less a personage than Robinson, the author, as it turned up, of the whole joke throughout, while the fair incognita was but Cousin Kate in person. The ball now proceeded, the play was played to the end, and when daylight broke the merry-makers (who proved to be friends of the happy pair), were still footing it merrily to the music of Strauss.

THE SHADY SIDE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

BY OLIVER DYER.

THE MAGDALENS OF NEW YORK CITY.

From Packard's Monthly.

The following story reveals one of the modes whereby Magdalens are made in this metropolis:—

In the month of February, 1852, Isaac W. England, Esq., formerly the city editor of the New York *Tribune*, was returning to this city from Liverpool in the emigrant packet ship New York, in which he had taken a second cabin passage, for the purpose of learning practically how emigrants fared in such vessels. Mr. England did this with a view to exposing the atrocities then practiced upon emigrants, and which he afterwards did expose in the columns of the *Tribune* with such effect as to be largely instrumental in the fundamental regeneration of the whole emigrant business and the creation of the Castle Garden Commission. Among the passengers in the second cabin of the packet ship was a handsome English girl, some nineteen years of age, from near Mr. England's native town. The fact that the girl came from near his native town, led Mr. England to feel an interest in her, and he learned that she was coming to America to join her brother, then living near Pottsville, in Pennsylvania.

On landing in New York the girl went to a boarding house in Greenwich street, there to await her brother's arrival—it having been arranged that he should come to New York for her. Mary (for that was her name) had not been at the boarding house many days when a German woman called there in search of a bar-maid, and seeing Mary, she at once sought to induce her to accept the situation. It is not uncommon for English girls, of the class to which Mary belonged, to act as bar-maids in England, that being there a respectable employment. Deceived by the complaisant manners and lured by the liberal promises of the German woman, the unsuspecting English girl accepted her offer and went with her to her saloon—a basement in William street, near Pearl. After one day's service as bar-maid, Mary was bluntly informed by her employer that she had been brought thither to serve in a capacity which we will not name, and was ordered to make ready for at once entering upon a life of shame.

The horror-stricken girl, frantic with terror, set about immediately leaving the premises. But she was too valuable a prize to be allowed to escape. The hag into whose clutches she had fallen locked her up in a back basement room, extending under a grate in the yard, and open to the inclemency of the weather; and there she kept her for two days and two nights—the girl not daring to eat or drink anything during all that time, for fear of being drugged to insensibility and ruin. The only sustenance that passed that girl's lips for eight and forty hours was the snow that she scraped from the area grating. Nor did she dare to close her eyes in sleep for an instant.

And while thus imprisoned constant efforts were made to intimidate or force her to the fate to which the keeper of the place was determined to drive her. For this purpose man after man was sent to her prison. With some of them a simple statement of the case was sufficient to turn them from their purpose; but against others she had to fight as if for life for that which was to her dearer than life. But the lack of food and the lack of sleep began to tell upon her. Her strength failed, her mind weakened and it seemed as though her doom was sealed.

On the third day of Mary's imprisonment Mr. England, who was about to start for Rhode Island, bethought himself of his young countrywoman, and determined to call at the boarding house in Greenwich street to see what had become of her. He did so, and was informed that she had engaged as barmaid in the William street saloon. Having knowledge of such places, Mr. England was troubled at this news, and, though pressed for time, he determined to call at the saloon and see what kind of hands Mary had fallen into. He went thither, and the moment he entered the place he discovered its character.

On inquiring of the landlady for Mary he was told that she had gone to Pennsylvania with her brother, who had come for her two days before. Something in the woman's manner excited Mr. England's suspicions, and he told her he thought she was deceiving him, and that Mary was still in the house. At this the woman flew into a passion and swore volubly at Mr. England in several languages. This strengthened his suspicions of foul play, and he grew more peremptory in his manner and speech. While he was contesting the matter with the landlady one of the girls in waiting passed near him, and muttered something which he understood to be a statement that Mary was actually in the house.

Upon this Mr. England took decided ground and told the woman that unless she immediately produced the girl he would go for an officer and have her arrested. This brought her to terms. She gave one of the waitresses a key and an order (in German), in pursuance of which the girl went and unlocked the room in which Mary was confined. As soon as the door was opened Mary came rushing out, and seeing Mr. England, she flew to him—sobbing hyster

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a man like a looking glass? When he reflects.

Why are ships called she? Because they always keep a man on the look out.

What is that which ties two persons, but only touches one? A wedding ring.

What are holds its edge the longest, cuts the closest, and is the most expensive for a man to buy? A meat axe.

Why may a barber be said to fetter the alphabet? Because he ties up *queues*, and puts *toupees* in irons.

Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church? Because they get good for nothing.

BREVITIES.

Unnegotiable bills.—Drafts on the imagination.

Pleasant bell (e) ringing—Putting your arms around her.

Is a manmamaker amenable to law for hooking ladies' dresses?

How to turn an honest penny—First work for it and then put it on a lathe.

If a little gambler is a gamist, is a big gambler necessarily a big-amist?

Shrewd Suggestion.—It often happens, when the husband fails to be home to dinner, that is one of his *fast* days.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with truth that there's no end to them.

If a man marries a sensible woman, it is probably after a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

Tell not a man permanently sick that he will be a *picture* of health, when you see he hasn't the *frame* for it.

According to nature's law, *causes* always produce *effects*; but in human law a single *cause* may deprive us of all our *effects*.

A man should never boast of his courage nor a woman of her virtue, lest both be doubted.

Fools draw false conclusions from just principles, and mad men draw just conclusions from false principles.

Saying Things.—We oftener say things because we can say them well than because they are sound and reasonable.

Wisdom.—Experience is the father and Memory the mother of Wisdom.

Remember that Omnipotence is not only equal to the great but also to the small.

Weak minds are apt to suppose that what is impossible to them must be equally impossible to others.

There is a wide difference between the confidence which becomes a man and the simplicity which disgraces a fool.

If you would move the hearts of others, give them freely the deepest utterances of your own.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing to one's self under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

A loving friend's rebuke sinks into the heart and convinces the judgment; an enemy's or stranger's rebuke is invective, and irritates, not converts.

Misfortune and Misconduct were born twins. Our faults are oft the parent of our woes, and he who most declaims at the world's frown has generally done his best to earn it.

Do we not do a grave injustice to women by the almost boundless adulation with which we treat them in their youth, and the comparative indifference with which we treat them in their age?

When a young man is about to settle down as "the husband of one wife," he should resolve never to make her jealous with his Will Sallies and his gay Ann Ticks.

We should be timid in our happiness. If the flowers around us exhale a keener fragrance, and the peal of the bell sounds nearer, both are signs of storm.

Many parents treat their poor persecuted children as a shepherd treats goats, whose sinews are cut to prevent them from jumping.

He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than His promise if he takes from a man a long lease and gives him a freehold of a greater value.

Indecision is that flatternly housewife by whose fault chiefly the moth and the rust are allowed to make such dull work of life; corrupting all the gleam and gloss of earth's perishable treasures.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well! Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.

Naturalists assert that the leaves of trees are continually in a fluttering motion in order to purify the air by flapping it. And perhaps the continual motion of a woman's tongue is to assist in shaking and joling the atmosphere for a similar purpose.

Numbers engage their lives and labors, some to heap together a little dirt that shall bury them in the end; others to gain an honor that at best can be celebrated but by an inconsiderable part of the world, and is envied and calumniated by more than it is truly given.

There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; the other, a consciousness which the most delicate feelings produce and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

MERRY MOMENTS.

Enjoying Handel.—Ingenuous Young Lady:—I like the choruses best, because they're such a noise that we can talk as much as we like without anybody noticing.

How to Save.—Lady ——— spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent cask of small beer and asked him how it might be best preserved. "I know no method so effectual, my lady," replied the butler, "as placing a barrel of *good* ale by it."

How they Differ.—Jones has discovered the respective nature of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts or friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

Suggestion for Sensible Girls.—The difference between a plain young lady and a pretty one is in general merely the difference between two different arrangements of fat and cellular tissue.

Friends in Council.—"It's the perlice, mum, as has found the hairy-gate took vi' a broken key in it, and 'e's a waitin' wi' me in the kitchin to see if the thieves is a comin' hout of their 'idin' places, mum."

Jenny, Where Are You?—An absent wife has been advertised for by a weeping Will, o':—"Jane, your absence will run me. Think of the children, your parents, your husband. Return, return; all may yet be well. At any rate enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

Poetry and Cash.—A gentleman who takes a common sense view of things being recently asked his opinion of a poetic individual, replied, "Oh, he is one of those men who have sonnings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

Saying Souls in China.—It is reported that the Chinese on the Russian border like the English missionaries very much and extend a cordial welcome to them. The main reason is that the missionaries distribute Bibles, bound in leather, and the Chinese make shoes with the bindings and save their soles at English expense.

An elderly gentleman being ill, one of his friends sent a messenger with the usual enquiry, which, however, he did not pronounce with due emphasis—"I'll thank you to take my compliments, and ask how old Mr. W. is." The messenger departed on his errand and speedily returned, saying, "He's just sixty-eight, sir."

A Pardonable Mistake.—A butcher of some eminence was in company with some ladies at a game of whist, where, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies, addressing him, asked, "Pray, sir, what are the stakes now?" To which, ever mindful of his occupation, he immediately replied, "Madam, the best porter house I cannot sell lower than three shillings."

Bathing Notice.—At Dieppe, in France, a famous bathing place, there is a police established whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. The following notice was recently issued to them:—"The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will govern themselves accordingly!"

The Enlightened Age.—After the conviction of a poacher for murder at the recent assizes at Stafford, Eng., his wife, in her last interview with him, expressed her intention of taking Ben and Dick (the children) to see him executed. He demurred, and said that she "must not do so." When she exclaimed:—"Dang it, Bill, you never would let the brats enjoy themselves."

Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said to the player:—"My good friend, do you play by note?" "The divil a note, sir." "Do you play by ear, then?" "Never an ear, your honor." "How do you play, then?" "By main strength, be jabers!"

Sympathy.—A little six year old was sitting in repose one evening upon the parlor steps with a base ball in his hand, gazing intently at the moon. "Pa," he suddenly spoke, "is there only one man in the moon?" "That's the tradition, my son; the man in the moon is the only inhabitant of that bright world we have ever heard of." After a moment's pause he remarked, with a sigh, "He must be lonesome, pa, and no one to play base ball with."

Queen of Arts.—An exchange says:—"The Vassar Female College in New York has been conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts on young lady graduates this year," and intimates that "Maid of Arts" would be preferable. A fellow at our elbow, addicted to euchre, suggests that the title "Queen of Arts" would suit the dear creatures much better, as they would be taken by the first knave that happened along.

A Typical Error.—An old bachelor, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

"——rest calmly within a shroud
With a weeping widow by his side;"

but, to his inexpressible horror, it came out in print—

"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

A Solitary Audience.—The manager of a country theatre looked into the house between the acts and turned with a face of dismay to the prompter, with the question of "Why, good gracious, where's the audience?" "Sir," replied the prompter, without moving a muscle, "he is just now gone to get some beer." The manager wiped the perspiration from his brow and said, "Will he return, do you think?" Most certainly he will, I presume himself highly satisfied with the play, and applauded as one man." "Then let the business proceed," exclaimed the manager proudly; and it did proceed.

I'D CHOOSE TO BE A ROSE.

I'd choose to be a rose—oh!
If I the power had got—
Upon a garden rose—oh!
Or else a watering pot.

If I—from New York fled—oh!
Through life might choose my path,
I'd let him shave my head—oh!
And go to shower—Bath.

If I could be a flow'r—oh!
The weather is so hot—
I'd seek a cooling show'r oh!
And go to—watering—pot!

Thorgh I've not too much fat—oh!
It sets in the fire:—
To be all dripping, that—oh!
Is my instinct desire.

I'd choose to be a rose—oh!
A flower? Oh, dear, no!!
The nose, oh, of a hose—oh!
Or of a watering pot.

BASE BALL.

IRVINGTON vs. ECKFORD.

THE ECKFORDS DEFEATED.

With light hearts and high hopes the Eckfords, who have passed through such a successful season, journeyed Irvingtonward on the 19th, to play the return game of their match with the well known club of that name and place. Like Lansingburgh, this Jersey town is a hard place to win a game in, as certain of our crack clubs have found to their cost. But the Eckfords, elated at their success in beating the Mutuals, were confident of their ability to get away with their antagonists, and going into the game with this over-weening confidence, slipped up on one of those "sure things," you know, which has brought many a club to grief. The Irvingtons had out a strong nine, Robertson and J. Campbell taking the place of Suttles and Buckley. The Eckfords were without the valuable aid and generalship of Jimmy Ward, Courtney being substituted. The game opened with a slight lead for the Irvingtons, which they maintained all through, finally winning by a score of 14 to 12. On the last innings, with two to tie and six to win, the Eckfords woke up to the necessity of doing something. Three runs had been scored, with two hands out, Patterson was second, when Holmes hit to centre field. Eaton did not get the ball in time to fly it, but, picking it up quickly, threw it to second base; Patterson, when the ball was struck, started for third, but was getting back to his base, when Mills, getting the ball, swung his hand round, and touching Robertson, who was standing near, called for "judgment." The three players were standing near together, and the umpire being deceived by the trick of Mills, gave Patterson out. This was unfortunate, as the Eckfords had just struck a streak of batting, and stood a very good chance of equalling the score of their opponents, if not winning the game. The batting of the Eckfords was considerably below their standard, and their fielding was rather loose. Ed. Holmes, who made his first appearance in the Eckford's on third base, did not field well, and was afterwards changed to behind the bat, where he did better. The Irvingtons, with their peculiarity shaped field in their favor, played a sharp game. Robertson, Mills and J. Campbell all played well on the infield, the former making a pretty running catch in the ninth innings. Eggler also made a handsome catch in the third round innings, which was much admired. Both nines were changed round considerably during the game, which did not add to their effectiveness. The score is appended:—

Irvington.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.	Eckford.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Mills, 2d b	3	2	1	1		Allison, 1st b	4	0	1	1	
Lines, l f	3	2	0	0		Courtney, l f	4	0	1	0	
Lewis, c	3	5	0	1		Eggler, c f	3	2	0	0	
H. Campbell, p	3	1	1	1		Martin, p	3	2	0	0	
Eaton, c f	3	1	1	1		Nelson, s s	2	3	0	0	
S. Campbell, 3d b	4	1	0	2		Malone, r f	2	3	0	0	
Robertson, s s	3	1	1	2		Hodes, c	2	2	2	1	
Bailey, r f	4	1	1	2		Patterson, 2d b	4	0	1	2	
M. Campb'l, 1st b	2	2	1	1		Ed. Holmes, 3d b	3	0	1	2	
Totals	27	14	6	11		Totals	27	12	5	11	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Irvington	5	0	2	3	1	2	1	0	—14
Eckford	0	3	0	1	0	0	1	7	—12

Outs on bases—Irvington, 10; Eckford, 10. Foul bound catches—Lewis, 2; J. Campbell, 1; Hodes, 5; Holmes, 2. Catches on strikes—Robertson, 1; Lewis, 1; Hodes, 1. Double plays—Eggler and Wilson. Outs on foul balls—Irvington, 1. Eckford, 2. Umpire—Mr. Delaney, of the Excelsior Club, of New York. Scorers—Messrs. Chapman and Watson. Time of game—Three hours.

IVANHOE, OF SING SING, vs. ORIENTAL, OF GREENPOINT.

The Ivanhoe Club, of Sing Sing, left that place on the steamboat Gen. Sedgwick on the morning of the 18th, on their way to Greenpoint, to fulfill an engagement made with the Orientals of that place, to play the return game. The first was played at Sing Sing, the Ivanhoes being the defeated party by a score of 34 to 7. The boys were all in good spirits when they arrived in New York, and eagerly sought the most expeditious route to reach the rendezvous of the Orientals. Arriving at Greenpoint they were met at the ferry by a committee, who escorted them to the rooms of the Oriental Club, there to bide the time of the opening of the match. The weather, which had been fair up to this time, proved fickle, and the gathering of dark clouds betokened a storm, and it came with a vengeance, a perfect deluge of rain swamping everything and upsetting the nice arrangements which had been made by the Orientals for the accommodation of the crowd expected to witness the match. Two, 3 and 4 o'clock came, and still it was raining. Things looked dubious. The Ivanhoes meant play and were eager to commence. Pinkham's sickness, by which he was declared unable to play, gave them a hope of a better show. About half-past 4 the clouds broke away, and old Sol at first peeped as it undecided; then, after a little while, shone out in all his primitive glory.

Hasty preparations were immediately made and the "ground" reached in double-quick time, which, by the way, was not in as bad condition as was expected. With the aid of a shovel-full or two of sand it was declared to be tip-top. It was now after 5. The Orientals were short of their regular nine, but they trotted out two new men in the persons of Reed and Rolston, filling up with Oppenheim as substitute. The toss was won by the Orientals, who sent the Ivanhoes to the bat. The game was rather slow, the ball being difficult to hold, owing to its wet and soggy condition, but with a determined will both nines went to work, and five innings were played in one hour and fifty minutes, the game resulting in favor of the Orientals by a score of 33 to 10. Two home runs marked the batting, and a fine double play by Rolston and Butler marked the fielding score of the Orientals. Reed, who has superceded Ed. Holmes as catcher, showed himself at home behind the bat, and promises, with a little practice, to repair the loss of Holmes, who, it will be remembered, has lately joined the Eckfords. Rolston played well on third base. The rest of their nine played up to their standard, especially at the bat, which the annexed score will show:—

Oriental.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.	Ivanhoe.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Holmes, p	0	6	0	0		J. S. Millard, 2d b	1	3	0	0	
Cook, c f	1	5	0	1		Depew, c	1	3	1	1	
Butler, 1st b	3	3	0	1		Vance, 1st b	1	1	1	1	
Silliwagen, s s	1	5	0	0		Jo. Millard, s s	3	0	1	0	
Rolston, 3d b	2	3	1	1		Clark, l f	1	1	1	1	
Reed, c	5	2	0	0		Norton, 3d b	3	0	0	0	
Ostrander, l f	0	5	1	0		Curtis, r f	1	2	0	0	
Hobley, 2d b	0	5	1	0		Reane, p	3	1	0	0	
Oppenheimer, r f	3	2	0	1		Randall, c	0	2	1	0	
Totals	15	36	3	4		Totals	15	11	5	2	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Oriental	6	11	6	10	2	0	0	0	—33
Ivanhoe	2	3	4	1	0	0	0	0	—10

Home runs—Oriental, 2. Base play—Put out by Rolston, 1; Butler, 1; Butler 4. Total, Oriental, 6. Horton, 2; Jo. Millard, 1; Vance, 5. Total, Ivanhoe, 8. Foul bound catches—Reed, 3; Millard, 2; Reaus, 2. Catches on strikes—Oriental, 2. Double plays—Oriental, 1. Outs on foul balls—Oriental, 5 times; Ivanhoe, 3 times. Umpire—Mr. Benton, of the Alert Club, of Norwalk, Conn. Scorers—Messrs. Johnson and Cox. Time of game—One hour and fifty minutes.

After the game the Ivanhoes were conducted back to the rooms of the Oriental, where preparations were immediately made to partake of the collation which had been provided by the Greenpoint boys. Speeches were made and songs sung, the festivities being kept up to a late hour.

ATLANTIC vs. ACTIVE.

The Atlantic gained another signal victory over the Actives on the 19th, in the return game at their matches, at the Capitoline Ground. The Atlantics, in fine fettle after their victory over the Mutuals on the 17th, did not show their young friends any mercy, and the latter, becoming somewhat demoralized at the heavy hitting of their opponents, played a miserable fielding game after the first innings. This was particularly the case on the infield, where J. Kelly and Haines did the muffing. In the outfield Mooney was the unlucky one, everything going to him being missed. The Atlantics played a superior game, batting heavily and fielding rapidly. Horse runs were made by Ferguson and McDonald, and a double play by Pearce, Kenny and Start. The score follows:—

Atlantic.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.	Active.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	2	2	2	1		H. C. Kelley, 1st b	4	0	0	0	
Kenny, c f	3	5	0	0		Vanderkerr, l f	4	0	0	3	
Start, 1st b	3	4	2	2		Roberts, c f	2	2	0	1	
Chapman, l f	4	3	2	2		W. J. Kelley, c	2	1	1	1	
Crane, 2d b	4	3	2	2		Mullen, s s	4	0	0	0	
Mills, c	3	3	0	1		Collins, 2d b	2	1	0	1	
Ferguson, 3d b	2	5	0	3		G. Rooney, r f	3	0	1	0	
Radley, p	2	5	0	1		T. F. Kelley, 3d b	4	0	1	0	
McDonald, r f	2	5	0	0		Walker, p	2	1	0	0	
Totals	27	37	7	10		Totals	27	6	3	7	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	0	3	3	2	7	11	1	5	—37
Active	1	1	2	0	0	0	2	0	—6

Home runs—Ferguson, 1; McDonald, 1. Out on bases—Atlantic, 15; Active, 14. Out on fouls—Atlantic, 5; Active, 6. Foul bound catches—Mills, 2; W. Kelley, 2. Stock out—Mills, 1. Double Play—Pearce, Kenny and Start. Umpire—Mr. Elmendorf, of the Excelsior Club. Scorers—Messrs. Monk and Hallock. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.

AMONG THE HOOSIERS.

On Thursday, 13th inst., a match game was played at Franklin, Ind., between the American Club, of that place, and the Shelbyville Club, of Shelbyville, which, after a warmly contested until the sixth innings, when Jeffery, catcher of the American, had his finger put out of joint greatly interfering with his playing. The batting and pitching of Miller and Barnett, of the A's, and the general play of Curson and Major, of the S's, was particularly noteworthy. Below is the score:—

American.	H.	L.	R.	Shelbyville.	H.	L.	R.
Jeffery, c	0	6	0	Ruh, c	2	3	
Moore, p	4	3	1	J. Curson, s s	3	4	
Miller, s s	3	4	2	Scott, 1st b	2	4	
Suttle, 1st b	2	3	1	Wilson, 2d b	2	5	
Hcirol, 2d b	3	2	1	Major, 3d b	3	4	
Rand, 3d b	3	3	1	Jamilage, r f	3	1	
Fletcher, l f	4	2	1	Will Curson, l f	3	3	
Barnett, c f	0	3	0	Martin, p	2	4	
Dunn, r f	3	3	1	Wise, c f	3	3	
Total	27	14	6	Total	27	37	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
American	1	7	2	4	3	3	1	1	—31
Shelbyville	3	11	1	6	0	7	0	7	—37

Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes. Umpire—J. Barnett. Scorers—S. McClellan and W. H. Jennings.

OSCEOLA vs. UNION.

A game of a spirited character was decided on the Common, Allegheny, Pa., between the Osceola Club, of Pittsburg, and the Unions, of the Twin City, on the 15th inst. We give the result below:—

Osceola.	H.	L.	R.	Union.	H.	L.	R.
Riley, c	2		5	L. Moore, p	3		4
Kober, 2d b	3		5	Archibald, c	3		4
Shanton, p	0		8	A. Moore, 1st b	3		5
Fox, s s	2		4	Orr, 2d b	2		4
Fallon, l f	2		4	Graham, s s	4		5
Stevens, 1st b	1		7	Dubree, l f	3		5
Metzger, r f	4		2	Faulkner, 3d b	3		3
Boyle, 3d b	2		3	Sample, c f	1		6
Davis, c f	3		4	Longmore, r f	3		3
Total	44		7	Total	27		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Osceola	19	6	1	1	6	4	4—41
Union	6	13	3	4	3	3	5—37

Left on bases—Fox, 2; Riley, 1; Metzger, 1. Home runs—Osceola, 4; Union, 3. Scorer—J. Boose. Umpire—Geo. Leakard.

BATTING IN THE MINING REGIONS.

Quite an interesting game was contested at Pottsville, Pa., on the 17th inst., between the Fleetfoot Club and a nine captained by Mr. Gloniger. We give the score:—

Gloniger's Side.	H.	L.	R.	Fleetfoot.	H.	L.	R.
Smith, p	5		5	Guiteman, 2d b	5		0
Bertzinger, c	3		6	Silliman, c f	4		6
Busher, l f	3		6	Stults, 1st b	3		7
Glover, 2d b	3		7	Wenter, c	3		7
Daugherty, 3d b	5		4	Womer, r f	2		9
Ewing, r f	3		4	Swisher, l f	3		10
Snyder, 1st b	3		5	Graef, 3d b	3		9
Lewis, c f	1		6	Fuster, s s	3		8
Eckert, s s	2		7	McAdams, p	4		6
Total	32			Total	32		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Gloniger's Side	6	4	5	2	12	13	2	4	5—53
Fleetfoot	2	3	8	1	2	4	2	24	1—69

Time of game—Three hours and thirty-five minutes. Umpire—A. J. Smith.

There is to be a match game shortly for the championship of Schuylkill County, between the Fleetfoot and the Preston Club, of Girardsville, the present claimants. The latter is well organized and has won, this season, eleven matches.

A Game for Money.—On the 15th inst. the Middleport Club, of Middleport, Pa., and the Port Carbons, of Port Carbon, played a match game on the grounds of the former for $300, the latter winning by a tally of 66 to 65, playing but eight innings to the nine of their opponents.

Want to Play.—The Central Club, of this city, are open for challenges from all junior clubs of the members of which are between the ages of 15 and 20. They would be particularly pleased to hear from the Keystones. Address R. L. Cooper, 221 East Seventy-eighth street.

Camden vs. Amboy.—The Union Club, of the former place, and the Raritans, of the latter, had a tilt at Amboy on the 8th inst., the Union coming off triumphant by scoring 15 to 6.

FOR A SILVER BALL.

ST. LOUIS vs. ÆTNA, AND RESOLUTE vs. ATLANTIC.

Several hundred persons were at the St. Louis Base Ball Park on August 17th to witness two games played (one in the morning, the other in the afternoon), for the silver ball prize offered by the superintendent of the Park. The terms of the matches were that two games should be played, one between the St. Louis and Ætna, and one by the Resolute and Atlantic, and the two winning clubs should decide the ownership of the ball by a third match at some future day. The St. Louis and Ætna game was not close enough to be very exciting, the St. Louis boys out-playing their opponents at all points. The fielding of the St. Louis was good and their batting heavy. The following is the score:—

St. Louis.	H.	L.	R.	Ætna.	H.	L.	R.
Bahan, 2d b	0		8	T. Kenny, c	4		1
Fox, 1st b	3		6	Ryan, s s	4		1
Kirk, c f	3		6	Tighe, 3d b	3		2
O'Brien, c	2		6	Queenan, 1 f	2		3
Foster, p	4		4	Wheeler, r f	2		3
Rozier, r f	5		3	Meek, 2d b	3		2
Hogg, 3d b	3		3	Carroll, c f	2		2
Rutherford, s s	2		3	Savagnac, 1st b	3		0
Murry, 1 f	2		5	J. Kenny, p	0		0
Total	24		16	Total	27		14

Clean scores in batting—Bahan, of the St. Louis. Umpire—James Barron, of the Empire Club. Scorers—George Householder, for the St. Louis; Robert Terry, for the Ætna.

The play of the Resolute throughout was of a high order. Each man played well in his position, and their batting was heavy. The following is the score:—

Resolute.	H.	L.	R.	Atlantic.	H.	L.	R.
Creamer, 3d b	0		7	Berry, c	2		4
O'Brien, c	4		3	Seaman, r f	3		5
Riegel, 1 f	3		5	Herring, p	1		3
Brennan, 1st b	3		2	J. Peterson, 1st b	4		2
Chambers, p	2		5	Wright, l f	2		2
Carroll, r f	3		4	W. Peterson, c f	3		2
Siener, c f	2		3	Chenot, s s	3		0
Willard, s s	3		1	O'Kee, 2d b	3		0
Grace, 2d b	3		2	Kienker, 3d b	2		3
Total	27		32	Total	23		20

Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

ST. LOUIS vs. CINCINNATI.

The Unions, of St. Louis, made a queer raid on Porkopolis last week. Having an engagement to play the Buckeyes a return game on Wednesday, the 19th, they reached town on the morning of the 18th. That afternoon they played an informal practice game with the Great Westerns, the score being as follows:—

Union.	H.	L.	R.	Great Western.	H.	L.	R.
Smith, s s	5		2	Begge, 2d b	4		4
Easton, 1 f	4		3	Taylor, c	4		4
Gravenich, p	4		3	Kalish, 3d b	4		6
Oran, c	2		2	Bancroft, s s	4		2
Lucas, 3d b	3		2	Mussey, r f	4		4
Duncan, c f	2		5	Holabird, 1st b	2		4
Bruning, 1st b	3		5	Merrill, c	2		4
Strong, 2d b	4		1	C. Taylor, s s	2		4
Bishop, r f	3		1	Sieberu, l f	2		4
Total	27		7	Total	35		6

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	1	1	1	7	2	5	4	5	—27
Great Western	2	5	6	1	0	11	3	5	—33

Left on bases—Union, 4; Great Western, 9. Passed balls—Union, 9; Great Western, 8.

Neither club played its full nine, and the G. W.'s feel well satisfied at holding the best St. Louis club so close. Smith and Berning, of the Unions, hurt their hands some. The next day it rained heavily in the morning, and the Unions incontinently departed on the three o'clock train, without playing the game they had come so far to do.

THE RHODE ISLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

The third and deciding game of the series for the championship of "Little Rhody," between the Olympic Club, of Providence, and the Hope and Anchor Club, of Pawtucket, took place on Dexter Training Ground, near the former place, on the 19th inst., the attendance to see the game being quite large. In the first game the score stood 41 to 35 in favor of the H. and A., and in the second it was 63 to 27 in favor of the O's. As will be seen by the appended score the Olympics have secured the honors:—

Olympic.	H.	L.	R.	Hope and Anchor.	H.	L.	R.
Green, 2d b	3		4	Jeneks, 2d b	2		3
Wood, 1st b	3		4	Sweet, 1st b	2		3
Calder, p	4		0	Saxon, c	1		0
Van Amringe, s s	5		4	Mettick, s s	1		0
Bigsby, c	1		0	Eldridge, r f	3		2
Cummiskey, l f	3		3	Cummiskey, l f	3		2
Meagher, c f	4		1	McCauley, 1st b	3		1
McCauley, 1st b	3		2	Farnum, p	3		2
Burbank, c f	0		1				
Pidge, l f	3		3				
Total	27		21	Total	15		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Hope and Anchor	1	1	2	1	0	0	0	3	1—15
Olympics	4	1	3	6	4	4	0	3	3—27

Flies caught—Olympic, 13; Hope and Anchor, 12. Foul bounds—Olympics, 7; Hope and Anchor, 3. Umpire—William Harris. Scorers—Richardson and Pratt. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

CINCINNATI vs. PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

The following is the score of the return game between the Great Westerns, of Cincinnati, and the Riversides, of Portsmouth, played in Portsmouth on the 17th inst.:—

Riverside.	H.	L.	R.	F.	Gr. Western.	H.	L.	R.	F.
Lewis, c	1	6	1	2	Begge, 2d b	2	3	0	1
Pratt, p	2	4	2	2	Baker, 3d b	2	2	1	2
Paden, 1st b	2	0	0	1	Taylor, c	3	1	0	1
Lang, 3d b	2	2	1	0	Kalish, s s	2	1	0	1
Gibden, l f	0	0	1	0	Black, p	4	1	1	0
Martin, c f	4	2	2	0	Mussey, r f	3	1	0	0
Huddleston, s s	2	0	0	0	Riemeyer, 1st b	5	0	0	0
Bratt, r f	4	1	1	0	Sieberu, c	3	2	0	0
Davis, 2d b	4	1	1	0	Holabird, l f	3	2	0	0
Totals	27	16	9	5	Totals	27	13	3	5

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Riverside	3	5	0	2	2	5	5	1	3—26
Great Western	1	0	4	3	0	1	4	1	1—15

Umpire—John Draper, Cincinnati Club. Time—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

LIVE OAK vs. CALIFORNIA, O.

On Saturday, the 15th, the Live Oaks, of Cincinnati, made an excursion to California, Ohio, and played the Greenwood Club, of that "burgh" with the following result:—

Live Oak.	H.	L.	R.	F.	Greenwood.	H.	L.	R.	F.
Skerl, c	5		6	1	M. Purcell, p	3		6	4
M. Bevis, 3d b	3		5	0	Purcell, c	2		2	0
Mack, 1 f	3		0	0	B. Purcell, s s	2		2	0
Wagner, r f	3		7	0	Haney, c f	3		5	1
Love, 1st b	1		0	2	Bibley, 1st b	4		5	0
F. Bevis, s s	3		9	2	Rathbone, 3d b	4		1	1
Jones, c f	3		8	1	Rafferty, 2d b	3		0	1
Mathews, p	4		6	2	J. Whetstone, l f	3		2	1
Buehler, 2d b	3		0	2	T. Whetstone, r f	4		0	0
Totals	27	72	7	13	Totals	27	44	5	8

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Live Oak	6	12	11	2	8	1	11	3	—54
Greenwood	1	6	1	2	8	1	12	5	—37

Umpire—W. Crooks, Cincinnati Club. Time—Four hours.

QUAKERS TOSS THE BALL.

The return match between the Fatsos and Iron Clad clubs was played on the 15th inst., on the ground of the latter club, at League Island,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Modern cute, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

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Andy McKee,
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J. S. Murphy,
T. W. Nichols,
Reiche,
Tim Hayes (3),
J. W. Shannon,
Charles Parker,
C. B. Grisle,
Alfred Hastings (2),
Lew Hallett,
W. R. Hayden,
Chas. S. Dermott, 10c
Chas. H. Matthews,
Joe Brown,
J. C. Campbell.
Bob Hart (2),
C. Le Fowler,
G. F. Orrin,
E. S. Tarr,
W. Hilton,
B. Macauley,
John Burnett,
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Adelaide Gonzales,
Kate Leslie,
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Lizzie Lileons,
Emma Madden,
Louis Truman,
Imogene Tracy,
Lottie Langley,
Rose Merrifield,
Nacooli Sisters,
Mad. Macarie,
M'lle Conchita Zanfretta,
Mark Mascalle,
Mrs. Scott Siddons,
Marie Roselle,
May Edwards'
Emilie Boswell,
Ada Wray,
M. B. Pike,
Patrick Shepherd,
O. B. Collins,
R. B. Hall,
F. B. Cilley (2),
Frank Ulmer,
Al. Howard,
Charles Wheaton,
James Collins,
Harry Churchill,
Jim Johnson,
Harry Wallace,
Ben Wheeler,
G. Warren White,
W. A. Boswell,
Frank Bunford,
Frank Kent,
Joe Maire,
John Sayers,
Dan Gardner,
G. Chiarini,
George W. Murray,
Gus Howard,
Louis Thornton (2),
Geo. A. Archer,
F. B. (4),
Frank Campbell,
Edwin Blanchard,
Harry Hawk,
E. T. Stetson,
Ike Withers,
F. L. Kent,
Frank Donaldson,
Louis Wilson,
Eugene Gorman,
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Harry Wells,
J. J. Prior,
Shirley France,
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Katie Quinten,
Minnie Gray,
Annie Trewalla,
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Emma Stewart,
Fanny Forrest,
Sallie Partington,
Fannie Pierson,
Addie Granell,
Nellie Howard,
M'lle Louise,
Pauline Cushman,
Jennie Gourlay,
Josie Booth,
Kate Kuhn,
Annie Sinefield,
Effie Warren,
Mrs. M. L. Berrell,
Bessie Clifton,
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Pauline Hayden,
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Harry Gilbert,
Joseph Withers,
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Chas. Murray,
Wyzeman Marshall,
Adam Palmer,
A. E. Atkins,
Caroline Hays,
Anna Bryce,
Ella Weaver,
Kate Castello,
Mattie Fisk,
Lizzie Le Fevor,
Edith Lamareux,
Louisa Sylvester,
Elizabeth Thompson,
Ada Granell,
Isabella Phillips,
Anna Bryce,
Kitty Fyfe,
Ellen Morant,
Mrs. Moorehouse,
Fanny B. Price,
Lotty Thompson,
Ada Nixon,
Marion Lesilie,
Fanny Morant,
Lizzie Maddern,
Mrs. L. Weston.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, August 24, 1868.

MANAGERS are moving. Theatricals are looking up. Absentees are coming back with a rush. Rumors are as plentiful as green apples, and critics are being made the mediums for giving publicity to all sorts of items of theatrical news, most of which lack that one great essential—foundation in fact; nevertheless the news gatherer catches at everything that offers, true or false, and sends it on its travels throughout the wide expanse of Uncle Sam's terrestrial confines. Among the many *on dits* current is one to the effect that Mapleson, of European operatic fame, is to give us a season of Italian opera at our Academy of Music, bringing with him in his train many lyric stars that have shone resplendently in the London firmament. These opera people are very unsure to bet on, therefore it is not safe to announce positively that Mapleson will of a verity favor us with a hearing of his birds of song, who, in most instances, owing to their exhorbitant demands and foreign airs, turn out to be mere birds of prey. Then, again, rumor says that numerous bouffe opera troupes are to "swing around the circle," and give our highly moral theatre-goers an opportunity to enjoy those dirty, double-entenders and indelicate actions, without which this sort of opera would not be worthy of attention. Isn't it a little singular that, while the "Black Crook" indelicacies came in for general condemnation at the hands of the press, these French immoralities in the guise of opera are lauded to the skies by the very critics who found so much fault with the spectacle we have mentioned? Is it possible that so many columns are "controlled" by buffoon opera managers, and that any and everything is admitted that bears favorably on French nastiness, and "which costs us so much labor and expense?" But enough of this—let us see what is going on in our midst, and note the preparations for

THE COMING OF THE SEASON.

Again we near the merry days
When opr'as, concerts, balls and plays
By turns will use their winning ways
To drive the town distracted.
Once more will tragedy unfurl
Her banners on the outer wall,
And "Hamlet" and the crook-back'd Dick...
By Booth will be enacted;
And it the hall we hear be true,
Charley Kean's triumphs he'll renew
In style that leaves but little to
By critics be exacted.

The "regulars," whose resting spell
Is o'er, shall return to dwell
In old familiar haunts, pell-mell,
With lots of work before them;
And faces known to man and boy
Beneath the footlights will deploy,
While printers will, to general joy,
On large bills underscore them.
In mammoth type again we'll read
The names of plays long run to need,
And sympathetic hearts will bleed
As stupid actors bore them.

Revivals will the *furore* be,
With paint and pomp and pageantry,
And even negro minstrelsy
Some features new will show us.
New dancers shall from Paris come
Of beauty rare and great *a-plomb*,
And *jeune dames* airs shall hum
That into fits will throw us;
And it our words for aught may weigh,
In sober earnest let us pray
That worn-out operas may
Be shelved, nor be no more blow us!

At the Comique we'll see "Cap Jinks,"
And meet the fair, with cheeks like pinks,
Who "On the Beach at Long Branch" winks
At sappy gents so saucely;
Or daily with "La Belle L.N.,"
Who's really so amusing when
Young Leon plays the hero-hen,
And shakes his head so tossily;
Or, better still, run after Fox
Whose "Humpty Dumpty" knocks the socks,
And guy the chap in private box
Who squints through glass so crossily.

As party leaders set the tune,
We'll follow "Pretty Octoroon!"
But let us hope Pike's White House, soon,
Some *novelty* will give us;
While Bryant, with his ready wit
And enterprise some string will hit,
To crowd his hall from dome to pit,
And of our stamps relieve us.
Again the Frisco's gates will yawn,
And Backus, Birch, and Barber Brown,
With maker, render and "Ah Sin" moura"
A few, "you'd best believe us!"
His brisk treats Tony Pastor now
Arranges, and his comic bow
With crowds will cause to overflow
The halls of light and fashion.
And still again will Worrels fair
In Opera fresh efforts dare,
And quite convince us, we declare,
With burnt cork "lyric passion."
As though this batch of treats might fail—
A fact the juveniles will hail—
Wood's new Museum will regale
The public, de'e a rash un
Who dares to question his success
With Gallons in the "Grande Duchesse,"
In English *opera bouffe*—yes;
And, Barnum's mantle wearing,
Will greater wonders bring to view
Than "I, I," ever thought to do,
And other things will startle you,
No rival show man fearing;
And, then again, John Brougham soon
His doors throws open to the town,
And laurels fresh that pate will crown
That's now so many wearing.

Whate'er befall, from green room chat,
It seems already certain that
The worn-out pieces, stale and flat,
Will rest in Lethe's keeping;
The ancient quips, the bathtub puns,
The old "creeps," old plots, "old runs,"
Which every body here for shuns,
Will seek a final sleeping.
And all concerned will catch the tide
That leads to fortune (Hum!—aside—
Except for tragedy, who's denied
Such stories to be reaping!)

...Talking about George Wood's Museum, among other novelties to be exhibited is what is called the "Baby Weaver," who is only three years old, yet has the physical and mental development of a girl of fifteen. The case excites much interest among the medical faculty. That is, we presume, the medical *faculty* is excited about the extraordinary *faculties* of the child..... In years gone by, conundrums formed the chief staple of nigger minstrel entertainments, but with the advent of a loftier style of Ethiopian selections, the conundrum feature seems to have been "given up." We are sorry for this, for such little odds and ends used to give variety to the tallow fare, and create many a laugh where now all is "in a lonely solemn darkness hung," as the man that was born with teeth once exclaimed. Well, we shall once in a while, if only for the purpose of awakening recollections of the olden time, treat our readers to a funny little conundrum; and as we are now fairly jetting out of the dog days, we shall inflict upon you a conundrum about a cerious dog, who, by his cunning and duplicity, managed to escape the cold water cure:—"Now tell us, good readers, and answer us this—why a puppy dog's tail a great novelty is?" Some will say one thing, some say another; but we'll tell you ourself and thus save much bother; "The reason said tail is by nature's *stern* law a novelty is, 'cause you ne'er saw one *before*!" We used to play utility parts, you know..... Fifth avenue, declines all further verbal communication with us, and proposes to have it hereafter all in writing, so we can't, as he says, dismort his remarks. He commences his new relations to-day with the following, but we would say that we have had a deal of trouble to make it at all presentable. "Jim" can talk better than he can write.

NOTICE TO THE EDITOR.
BY "OUR JIM."

[Revised, Corrected and Improved by Us.—ED. CLIP.]

I tell you what it is, now, for some time all along
You've been a poking fun at me a little bit too strong;
Whenever I have undertook to take a pen in hand
You've seized the opportunity to add your noisy bark!
My words misspronounced, my funny little joke
Completely spoiled by some smart thing that in it you will poke,
And when I have a pretty piece of poetry indited in,
You've always cast a slur on it by calling it "machine."
So more, by word of mouth, a point out of me you will git,
But plainly with a pen and ink you'll find my copy writ.
I may not write like J. H. B. and such gay sports, but then
You'll find that when I spread myself—I sling a nasty pen!

Now all we can say regarding the above is that we think the "machine" needs oiling, bad..... Forrest was at Long Branch last week, though there is nothing remarkable about that, for *Long Branches* in connection with a *Forrest* may be set down as an old relation..... There has been quite an animated scrimmage at the New York Theatre between the spasmodic managers of that house, in the course of which each fighting was no bench to the "foul play" witnessed there. The New York may now be called the Lloyd Garrison, while those who are disposed to reward honesty will hearken to the voice of Harkin at the Broadway..... We met an actor on Broadway yesterday who had just arrived from the other end of the Pacific Railroad, and he reminded us very much of one of "Our Jim's" bad jokes, he was so *fun fetched*..... Persons passing along Broadway, and looking at the *site* lately occupied by Barnum's Museum, can see a very strange *sight* by casting their eyes towards Mercer street, where, on a *sign* directly facing Broadway, may be seen the startling words, "Kiss and Killer." This is a *sign* of what used to be going on before the march of commerce put an end to all kiss and kill her proclivities in that part of Mercer street. Many a "mysterious disappearance" has occurred in that section of our city, and not a few cases of "melancholy suicides" have taken place in the once infected district. *Suicide*, however, is a foolish course to pursue, *a side* from the fact that, according to Orthodox Theology, it is "getting out of the frying pan into the fire."..... Speaking of Mercer street and the attractions that lured so many to destruction, reminds us that even the Fifth Avenue is not free from the "social evil" in these days of progress and improvement, and many a highly wrought "son of a noble scion" has been brought to grief by a pair of brilliant eyes "gleaming from yon casement," the lovely owner of which bright orbs was taken for an only daughter of an opulent merchant. Permit us to give our verdant readers (but, perhaps, none of *our* readers *are* verdant) a little bit of advice touching the arts practised by the softer sex to lead us from the paths of virtue and rectitude:—

NATURE vs. ART.

There are those who most admire
Eyes that flash with looks of fire;
Cheeks that are of rosy hue
Sometimes may entangle you;
Soft, sweet lips, quite red, may be
Pretty things enough to see!

But remember, money buys
Belladonna for the eyes;
She, who at the druggist's seeks,
Rouge can purchase for the cheeks;
And, if she but freely tips,
Things to color up the lips!

Ardent youths, who crazy go
Over skins as white as snow,
Eyes that flash and lips so red,
Read, and ponder what we've said:
Don't forget that we are told
"All that glitters is not gold!"

And with this good advice still ringing in your ears, let us ring up the curtain, and show you the sights of the metropolis, and bring before your gaze absent friends in every part of the world.

THE FALL and winter dramatic season at Niblo's commences in November, under Palmer and Jarrett's management. It is stated that Boucicault's latest invention, 'London After Dark,'' is to be brought out. "Barbe Bleu," not drawing as much money as had been anticipated, will be removed from Niblo's and open shop across town..... It is also rumored that Lotta is to play a four weeks' engagement at this house during the winter. It would have been better for Lotta had she not anticipated this engagement by appearing at Wallack's..... Mr. Wheatley announces the present as the last week of his management of Niblo's.

THE FRENCH THEATRE, having undergone extensive alterations, will commence the regular season under Mr. Grau's management on Sept. 28th, with the Opera Bouffe of "Genevieve Brabant." The general appearance of the house has been greatly improved. The rear wall in the parquet has been removed and the seats extend back to the front wall of the edifice. The boxes in the first circle, which were formerly closed in with doors, are now thrown open. The floor of this circle has been lowered, also that of the family circle, giving quite a pitch to each, and allowing considerable more seating room. The stage has been widened and deepened. The following is a list of the company engaged:—Mlle. Rose Bell, Mlle. Fontanel, Mlle. Victoria Maurice, Mlle. Rose Taillefer, Mlle. Adrienne Ligny, Mlle. Eliza Gubetta, Mons. Julian Carrier, M. Beckers, M. Bourgoin, M. Goby, M. Bataille and others.

MINNIE SYLVESTER, twin daughter of Arthur and Julia Melville Sylvester, died in this city on the 10th inst., aged two years and three months.

JAMES H. TAYLOR, the London Vocalist, who arrived from England with a company of English performers, has secured Dodworth Hall for his *debut* in this country. Wednesday, August 26th, is fixed for the opening night.

JOHN KINNEY, a well known western manager, having completed his moving diorama of Lincoln's Funeral Ceremonies, which he has been engaged upon for some time, unrols it for the inspection of the public at Irving Hall on Aug. 31st.

"RICHELIEU."—This is the name given to a modest little saloon on Broadway nearly opposite Wood's Museum and Theatre, and which was recently opened by Mr. W. A. Donaldson, the well-known actor, formerly of Winter Garden and other theatres. The profession, as well as others, should give the proprietor a "call," and see him "well bestowed" in his new quarters.

H. B. PHILLIPS, for several years connected with Wallack's old theatre, but who has been in Washington the past four years, is at present in this city, disengaged.

MADAME ELIZA LUMLEY, *prima donna*, from La Scala, probably, and other places, is now in this city, and has "consented to give lessons in singing," &c. We should certainly appreciate this concession on the part of Madame Lumley entirely.

THE BOWERY THEATRE closed its season on Saturday evening, Aug. 22d.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS continue Eugene's burlesque of "Il-True-Bad-Doer," with its great tower scene and Miserere chorus. Dan Bryant also appears in his great act of Captain Jinks and as the Live Injin.

TONY PASTOR keeps up with the times. He offers his patrons this week a new local drama called "The Mechanics' Strike; or, the Eight Hour System," and a new *ballet* entitled "Barber Bleue," which, with the many varieties in the way of singing, dancing, &c., help to make up a very attractive entertainment. Tony Pastor and Jenny Engel have come in for much applause, their songs being nightly *encored*.

THE FASHIONABLE CHURCHES will resume operations on or about the first Sunday in September. Many of the temples have been repainted and now look as good as new, while the singing department has been greatly strengthened.

A. W. LAVIS, second low comedian, may be engaged by addressing him at No. 101 Macdougal street, N. Y.

LYDIA THOMPSON and Alex Henderson arrived from England by the *City of Antwerp* on Aug. 23d; also Ada Harland, Pauline Monkham, Lisa Wiber, Henry Beckett and Mr. Connolly, all engaged in Europe by Mr. S. Colville for Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre.

MARETZEK starts from this city with his Italian Opera Troupe, and opens the traveling season in Chicago, Ill., on Sept. 28th, and goes thence to St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville.

BATEMAN opens in Montreal, Canada, on the 31st inst. with Tostee and what other talent he has at present lying idle in this city.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE has been re-leased to James Hayes for three years from Sept. 1st. This theatre was again the subject of discussion in the Supreme Chambers on the 19th inst., when the following opinion was rendered by Judge Barnard:—"In this action and on this motion, the defendant, John A. Duff, claims to be the owner of the Olympic Theatre, but the plaintiff alleges he is only a mortgagee in possession. So far as an interlocutory decree has effect, the defendant has been so adjudged pending his appeal. He has been, by two Justices of this Court, and for the purposes of this decree, made receiver of the property. He therefore occupies a position different from a mere Court receiver who does not claim and has not been adjudged to have any kind of interest in the property committed to his charge and who is a mere stakeholder. He has moved the Court for permission to continue the lease of the Olympic Theatre to the present lessee, James E. Hayes, who (it is not denied) has managed it for a season with extraordinary success and benefit to the good will of the property. It is claimed and not denied that Mr. Hayes has, at his own expense, and not as a charge upon the property, expended for permanent improvements some $12,000, and on scenery and decorations some $9,000. Eminent managers of theatrical property in this city, including Messrs. Lester Wallack, George Wood and Lafayette Harrison, have sworn that $12,000 to $15,000 would be a fair rental of the property. Mr. Ba num and others for the plaintiff, estimate the rental at not less than $20,000. Some unverified offers at a higher rent were made on the part of the plaintiff. Mr. Barney Williams swore for the defendant that $15,000 would be a fair rental, and afterwards came forward for the plaintiff, and offered $21,000 if he himself could have the lease. Of course, with such a state of affidavit making, I must not consider its statements as evidence for either party. Either his affidavit or offer was insincere. Since this motion was argued and submitted a variety of offers, coupled with conditions of which I have no judicial knowledge, have been sent to me by the plaintiff; but as they are irregular, I only consider the question as it reached me on the argument. Considering, therefore, the expenditure by Mr. Hayes, and the peculiar position occupied by Mr. Duff, and the necessity of caring for the good will of the property in competent hands, whether the property belongs to Mr. Duff, or whether he is only a trustee, and entirely rejecting the idea that the court should permit mere speculation in such peculiar property as theatrical property, pending claims of ownership and a probable long litigation before these claims are definitely settled, and accepting an average between the extremes of the evidence as to value, the lowest being $12,000 and the highest $20,000, let the request of the receiver be granted for a new lease for a term of three years at $15,000 per annum, to James E. Hayes, to be executed in conformity with the terms contained in the annexed order."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE opened for regular season on Aug. 17th, as a sort of variety-vaudeville theatre, the management ignoring the cork drama or anything that would make it appear as a music hall. We have previously spoken of the great improvements made in the auditorium of the theatre, and the very handsome manner in which it has been fitted up. The entertainment opened with a ballad by Lucy Egerton, followed by Joseph Emmett—the Dutch comedian—in his song and dance of "The Happy Dutchman," which he gave in a white face. Then came Lingard, in his comic sketches, which were the same he appeared in last season. Prof. Hilton, the ventriloquist, followed with his three "singing and talking" heads, after which came Alice Dunning (Mrs. Lingard) in a song, and for an *encore* appeared dressed of her flowing silks and dressed in a short cut Chinese style of dress, with cap and bells, which afforded an opportunity of displaying her charms in the way of a pair of well rounded legs and a pretty foot. Lingard then appeared in his statues, which were just the same as presented last season, excepting that of Horace Greeley; Joseph Emmett in more Dutchisms; an overture by the orchestra; and the farce of "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" concluded the evening's entertainment. Miss Egerton was not successful in her singing. Mr. Emmett appears to better advantage in white face; his manner of distorting his features, and his facial acting can be better seen in white. He is an attractive card at the Comique, and receives fully as much applause as does Mr. Lingard. Prof. Hilton is one of the best ventriloquists we have seen for a long time, but he makes his act so long that it becomes tedious, and he is thereby apt to lose favor with his audiences. Mr. Lingard received a good reception, but his several impersonations did not appear to strike his auditors so forcibly as last season, nor did he enter into the spirit of the scene with the same ease or desire to please as before. When he first appeared here he was a novelty, and every one was anxious to see him. Now he has to depend upon his merits alone, and he will find that, no matter how good he may be, he must change his performance occasionally, or else he will soon play himself out. Miss Dunning possesses an attractive person, rather a pleasing face, a good pair of legs, and her style is one that would make her a favorite from the start. She sang very well and received considerable applause; but when she slips off her drawing room dress and appears in a short dress, she tends to rather dampen the favorable opinion already made of her, for she "cannot dance at all." The rocking balance and the grape vine twist can be done by almost any *ballet* girl, and is therefore not all that is required of a *danseuse*. The farce of "Mr. and Mrs. White" was only an amateur performance, excepting Lizzie Wilmore's impersonation of Mrs. White. She is a capital *soubrette*. She possesses a fund of comic humor, is a pleasing singer and acts with considerable care and judgment. Mr. Lingard should not attempt to act low comedy, as he has not the proper idea of it. There is a wide difference between buffoonery and low comedy. Mr. Edward Ward has got a great deal to learn before he can make a respectable actor. The attendance throughout the week was quite large.

"FOUL PLAY."—In accordance with its title, the Boucicault-Reade drama of "Foul Play" has received bad treatment from its adopted parents on this side of the Atlantic. From the start foul play was used. Wm. J. Lloyd, brother of Col. Alvin Lloyd, of defunct minstrel band fame, received his lease of the New York Theatre for four weeks, with the privilege of six, it was, through the bungling carelessness or ignorance of some one, made so to read that by paying the weekly rent of $800 said Lloyd can hold the theatre as long as he pleases. To agree to give $50 for each night and $25 *or* each *matinee* performance for the privilege of playing "Foul Play," was about the foulest play of all, for copies of the same piece can be purchased outright for $50. The first night the piece was produced there was considerable foul play shown in front of the theatre, while on the stage foul play was in full play. During the action of the drama D. R. Harkins, stage manager, had an altercation with the stage carpenter, resulting in Mr. Harkins receiving more foul play than he bargained for. He was cut over the eye and said eye placed in deep mourning. The piece was badly placed upon the stage, poorly cast, and with but few exceptions very badly acted. There was foul play in the camp all the time, which reached its climax on Monday evening, 17th inst. It appears that after the first performances Lloyd refused to pay over the sum of $50 for each performance to the agent appointed to receive it. Now, as Mr. Harkins was the one who contracted with the agents of "Foul Play" to pay that sum, and as Mr. Lloyd was not recognized in the contract, it behooved Mr. Harkins to liquidate, and accordingly he made a descent on the box office on Monday, 17th, during the performance, receiving from the treasurer a portion of the evening's receipts, and paid over to the agent of "Foul Play" about $300. Now this was *not* foul play, and for said action Mr. Harkins is to be commended. Of course a general row took place, which resulted in the entire company following Mr. Harkins and refusing to appear any longer under the Lloyd dynasty, and no performance was given on the 18th inst., or any evening during the week. We rather guess that the speculation of the Messrs. Lloyd will not prove a paying one, as they have to pay a rental of $800 for each week, and as they were nearly $800 out last week, and as business had not been extraordinarily good after the first three nights, it is fair to presume that "Foul Play" will prove the dearest play those parties have yet speculated in. Mr. Harkins has taken the Broadway Theatre for the current week, and produces there this evening Boucicault's version of "Foul Play"—the one produced at the Holborn Theatre, London, and somewhat different from that lately presented at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre. Nearly every member of the old company goes with Mr. Harkins to the Broadway. Mr. Lloyd announces that he will re-open the Worrell Sisters' Theatre this evening with "Foul Play."

MR. T. S. BOOTH, the eldest son of the late Junius Brutus Booth, purposes reappearing upon the dramatic boards during the fall and winter season. Mr. Booth has not been on the stage for over twenty years, since which time he has resided in Philadelphia, where he has been recognized as a physician of considerable skill. He is in very comfortable circumstances, but returns to the scenes of his early triumphs through a love for the drama.

J. S. BERRY, comic vocalist and comedian, left this city Aug. 22d to assume the management of Chas. H. H. Broom's Varieties Theatre, Memphis, Tenn.

LOTTA AND "FIRE FLY" continue to be the attractions offered by the management of Wallack's Theatre. The attendance was very good the past week, although the house was not full any evening, owing, probably, to the warm evenings, for Wallack's Theatre is not a comfortable place of amusement in summer weather. Lotta has entirely recovered from her indisposition, and is now as lively as a cricket. "Fire Fly" has been cut down considerably since the first night, much of the dislogue being omitted, and the piece runs smoothly now. George Holland did not appear as Ben Arslon the night we were present—the 21st inst. Not having had sufficient practice on the snare drum, Lotta does not beat a drum solo as originally announced, preferring to wait until she has had more practice.

JOHN S. CLARKE will return to this city from England early in December, and play at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, through the holiday season.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" appears to have taken a new lease of life, for the attendance the past two weeks has been quite large. Each evening the past week the sign "Standing Room Only" was placed at the door before the performance commenced, and a great many ladies as well as gentlemen left unable to obtain a seat. It will run until October, when, owing to previous engagements, it must be withdrawn for Joseph Jefferson and his *confrere* Schneider. Another pantomime is in active preparation, to be produced ate in the fall. Mr. Hayes will devote more attention to scene painting next season, and nearly the whole of the present company has been re-engaged. Clifton W. Tayleure, who has managed this establishment with so much success, continues at the head of affairs, and George L. Fox remains as stage manager.

THE IRVING LITERARY UNION is the name of a new association formed in this city last week. Its object is mutual intellectual improvement and the encouragement of all things pertaining to literature, as well as dramatic exercises.

HERMAN HENDRICKS, a German actor, late of the Hoft Theatre, Berlin, arrived in this city on the 17th inst. On the evening of the 19th he was serenaded by the orchestra of the Stadt Theatre. Mr. Hendricks makes his *debut* in this country on Sept. 1st, at the Stadt Theatre.

ELIZA NEWTON returned to this city on the 19th inst. from her summer's tour. For the past three weeks she has been quite ill, but is at present recovering. She has been engaged at Selwyn's Boston Theatre for specialties.

OLE BULL revisits America late in November, and will inaugurate a season of concerts in this city.

JEREMIAH CARHART, inventor of the suction bellows as applied to melodeons, died in this city on the 16th instant, aged 54 years.

AMELIA ASHTON, maiden name Cornell, and wife of Billy Ashton, the circus performer at present in the South with John Robinson's Circus, died in child-bed in this city on the 18th inst. and was buried from the residence of her mother, 128 East Eighth street.

CHARLEY BONIFACE has been an invalid in this city for some time, and as he has a large family dependent upon him, it is proposed by some of his brother actors to get up a complimentary benefit to aid him.

ACTORS' PROSPECTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.*—Bearing the above heading, a letter characterized by virulent abuse and utter disregard of truth appears in the London *Era* of August 9th. As the *Era* holds the same relation to the dramatic profession in England as the CLIPPER in the United States, the sentiments contained in the above letter are calculated to diffuse erroneous ideas of the feeling entertained towards British professionals in this country, and also to cause English actors to look with disfavor upon American artists visiting the old country, professionally or otherwise. The writer, who assumes the *nom de plume* of "Imported Sparrow," says:—

"If thoroughbred English talent ever was rewarded in America those days are gone by. Jealousy (I won't say hatred or malice) is predominant, and poor indeed is the encouragement for the English actor whose name stands side by side with that of an American.

Tempora mutantur, for up to the present time Americans have had the right to complain that British talent has been chosen in preference to the native growth. In the list of those now revelling their brief hour upon the stage," I almost imagine that the British element preponderates. Does the *Era* correspondent ignore the fact that Palmer, and more recently Samuel Colville, have been engaging and shipping English artistes here *ad infinitum*? Furthermore, our discontented friend has discovered another source of pecuniary loss:

"Managers here will not engage artistes, except through agents; and the latter, unless they are paid far beyond the means of those seeking an engagement upon their terms, will keep out of employment those who do not subscribe to their rules."

Here the dramatic agent charges $10 for fee of leading man, &c., which is not an exorbitant one, whilst the English agent demands half a week's salary. Balance in favor of the English agent. This is, however, a trifle compared with what follows:—

"The strong nasal enunciation of the American artist, combined with abandon and lots of gesticulation, is deemed all-sufficient."

Change of climate must have a wonderful effect upon the nasal tone complained of, for in England it was not discovered to be a serious drawback to the success of Bateman, Jefferson, Menken, Sothern, Clark, etc. Our irritable twitterer next denounces in unmeasured terms those piratical renegades—his own countrymen—who have located themselves here without his consent, and why? Because they have failed to discover who and what "Imported Sparrow" is, and despite his own estimate of his merits have left him to flutter and chirrup unheeded and alone. He falsely imagined that the utterance of *civis Britannicus sum* would be the managerial passport, and that he might then "warble his native wood notes wild" to America's blissful ecstacy. He also imagines that New York managers engage British talent and then crush it with exaggerated puffery. Suicidal managers! Salaries next occupy his notice, but even they will bear comparison with British rates. Our wee warbler now diverges from his track and gives us the markets, not forgetting, however, to stigmatize our ale as "undrinkable beer at 15 cents a pint." Spirit of mighty lager! The lowest price of board he gives at $15 per week, but we have heard of it at a little less rate. To conclude a somewhat lengthy epistle, I may remark, *en passant*, that I am a Britisher, but that I feel it my duty to give a contradiction to what must arise from blighted hopes and a jaundic'd imagination; for our "Imported Sparrow" must, on calm deliberation, agree with me, that although fortune has treated him roughly, individually, in this country, yet there are hundreds of others to whom she has been more than kind, Lingard, to wit, &c. My love for my country is probably as great as an Imported Sparrow, but my love of truth is greater. Yours, obediently,

NEW YORK, August 24 MAJOR HARRY LINDLEY.

THE DRAMATIC AGENCY is becoming a necessity in this country, and the knowing ones are embarking in it in various cities. Among those in New York is the firm of Wetmore & Co., successor to Frank Rivers, whose house, at No. 17 West Houston street, is the resort of managers in quest of talent, and people in want of engagements. Messrs. Wetmore & Co., are agents for a large number of artists in almost every department of the drama and kindred amusements, such as dancers, singers, acrobats, minstrels, etc. This week they advertise a theatre in the west to let or lease; a child wonder is also announced for engagements, to say nothing of numerous other attractions nearly always to be received through their agency. Those interested will do well to take note of Wetmore & Co's cards in another part of this issue.

THE LATE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.—By the arrival of the steamship City of Antwerp, with dates to 11th inst., we are in receipt of brief particulars of the death of this lady, which took place at half-past two o'clock on Monday afternoon, August 10th, at her hotel in Paris, after a lingering and painful sickness of disease of the lungs. At the last moment, fully conscious of her approaching end, she called in a Jewish Rabbi, and renewed her devotion to a faith that few knew she possessed. The Jewish community were to perform the last rites and lay her in the final resting place. A short time ago, when convinced that her disease was mortal, she expressed a wish to be buried in accordance with the rites of her religion, with nothing to mark her resting place but a plain piece of wood bearing the words, "Thou knowest."

MR. AND MRS. H. WATKINS closed an unproductive engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 22d inst.

LEO HUDSON, the well known equestrian actress, having been in the city the past weeks making her arrangements for the coming fall and winter season, has returned to Baltimore, Md.

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND METROPOLITAN THEATRE opens for the season on Monday afternoon, August 31st, with an inaugural address by P. T. Barnum, after which two of Offenbach's petite operas *bouffe* will be given, with Susan and Blanche Galton, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Whittin and Mrs. Galton, who arrived from England during the past week, in the cast. In the evening the dramatic company will appear, with Maggie Mitchell as the star, in a play called "Lorie." A translation of the same German drama of Mad. Birch Pfeiffer, was produced in this city at the Winter Garden by Mad. Scheller on March 29th, 1864, and was called "Lorlie's Wedding." It was by Augustin Daly.

LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, who continue to do quite an extensive business in the dramatic agency line, advertise in this issue of the CLIPPER for a full dramatic company for the New Memphis Theatre. They also announce the opening night of the season of the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis; Galveston (Texas) Theatre; National theatre, Cincinnati; and the Opera House, Pittsburgh; requesting the ladies and gentlemen engaged to report at the respective theatres.

OWING to the extensive alterations being made in the minstrel hall of Kelly and Leon not being completed in time for the opening of the season this evening, a postponement until Wednesday evening, the 26th inst. has been found necessary, when it is thought everything will be ship-shape. Leon's latest burlesque entitled "Barber Blu" will be presented with the following cast:—Bulleyette, Leon; Barber Blu, Edwin Kelly; Princess Her-Me-Ah, W. Summers; Queen Chem, S. S. Purdy; Prince Say-Fire, W. H. Brockway; Count O'Sear, George Guy; Pop O'Linn, G. W. H. Griffin, and B. O'Breech, W. White. The burlesque is in five scenes. In the regular first part Add Ryman and S. S. Purdy will occupy the ends, and Edwin Kelly will make his *re-entre* as *interlocutor*. Dick Ralph has been engaged, and Prof. Zaulig will conduct the orchestra.

MESSRS. THOMPSON AND RIGGS, whose dramatic agency is at 189 Bowery, this city, have a number of Cards in this issue of the CLIPPER, to which the attention of managers and performers is directed. Having just made up Lingard's Dramatic Company, the members are requested to assemble at their office on Aug. 28th, at eleven o'clock. They are also in want of a number of ballet ladies.

A PIC-NIC will be given all day and evening at the Bellevue Gardens, foot of Eighteenth street, East River, on Aug. 31st, under the auspices of the "Order of Elks," a benevolent and protective association, consisting of members of the dramatic, equine hall and minstrel professions.

JOHN BROUGHAM'S novel, the "Lottery of Life," is to appear in the *Fireside Companion*.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the different places of amusement for the month of July, as returned to the several Revenue Collectors, were as follows:—

N. Y. Circus (traveling)	$32,511	Niblo's	$22,833
Olympic	21,997	Wallack's	18,537
Broadway	10,196	Bryants' (June)	8,830
Kelly & Leon (June)	5,776	Bryants' (July)	8,430
Kelly & Leon (July)	4,687	New York Theatre	4,971
Tony Pastor	4,643	Old Bowery	4,474

BILLY SHEPPARD is suffering with inflammation of the bowels, and has not been able to appear at Tony Pastor's Opera House since the 17th inst.

MADAME STUTTAFORD, a cantatrice of repute in England, arrived in this city on the 21st per steamer Denmark. The lady makes her first appearance at Dodworth Hall with the James Taylor troupe on the 26th inst.

Dramatic.

IN CHICAGO amusement interests remain very quiet, though a remunerative business is being done all around. Our correspondent "Lolterer" says:—"The benefit tendered Mr. C. D. Hess was a perfect ovation, every seat in the house being sold and standing room being at a premium. Mr. J. W. Thorpe made his first appearance in Chicago, and played Old Eccles in a very commendable manner. Mr. Geo. W. Garrison, an old favorite, was warmly greeted when he appeared, as was also Miss May Howard, who, by the way, will play the season at Crosby's. The smoothest and most effective rendition of the evening was that of Esther Eccles by Miss Blanche De Bar, who is likewise a favorite in this city. Miss De Bar goes to Cincinnati Sept. 7th to support Edwin Booth for one week, and thence to Ford's Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, for the season. Billy Warren informs me that the receipts were nearly $2,700. Wilder's (and not Magnire's, as stated,) Japs fill in the week with characteristic performances. It is said that the Japs would like to know, 'How much to Japan.' They are doing a very nice business, prices being reduced..... At Wood's Museum Mr. Aiken has produced "Bearer than Life," cast to the strength of the company, and "Silent Protector," with Dillon in the cast. Mrs. Stoneall made her first appearance of the season in the drama and Dillon did the in the farce. Both these favorites were so warmly applauded that the play had to be suspended for a time. Mr. Wilson carries away the honors in 'Dearer than Life,' and beside Dillon Mr. Otis takes very well in the farce. The bill will hold the boards during this (last) week. A very noticeable feature at the Museum is the new orchestral selections by Geo. Stevens and H

as Fabien and Louis de Franchi. "The Brigand Chief" has been the concluding piece.....Astley's Theatre, having been closed for five months, reopened on August 1st under the direction of Agnes Cameron, an American actress, with only a fair working company. "Count Alarcos," an early tragedy by the Hon. B. Disraeli, was produced, with Miss Cameron as the Infanta of Spain. The entertainment throughout is pronounced a failure.....G. W. Moore made his first appearance since his late accident on the 3d inst., with Christy's Minstrels, at St. James' Hall; also J. P. Crocker made his first appearance since his trip to America.

THE LONDON MUSIC HALLS.—Niblo is the name of a party who made his *debut* in London, at the Canterbury, on the 1st instant, as the "Great American Gymnast." He did the Zampillaconstation act, and he is pronounced a formidable rival to Leotard. The *Era* says:—"The feat first performed by Leotard, namely, the turning round in mid-air, in order to face the second trapeze, is neatly executed by this young artist. The final achievement is nothing short of wonderful, and the performance thereof must have entailed long and arduous practice. Niblo makes a last start from the little pedestal erected in the gallery at the end of the hall, and for some time is engaged in swinging himself up to the height required. Suddenly, when nearly touching the ceiling, he drops from the bar, *turns a double somersault in the air*, and reaches the platform fairly on his feet." Double somersaults have been taken from a spring board by many vaulters, but for this kind of thing to be attempted from a trapese is not only wonderful but novel. .....At the Cambridge, Ernee Clarke, Fanny Webster, Miss Fitzhenry, Sydney Franks, Liskard and Miss Macnamara, are among the principal attractions. Mlle. Colanna has been doing the Can-Can and Mlle. Geraldine and Herr Leopold the double trapese.....Kate Santley has proved an attractive card at the Philharmonic, where Mr. and Mrs. West have been added to the company. E. D. Davis's ventriloquial performances, the singing of Mad. Donti, the dancing of Mlle. Mazoni, the trapese performances of George Leopold and Mdlle. Geraldine, and the singing of Vance, make up an attractive programme. .....Many changes have been made of late at Wilton's. Among the newly arrived is Hetty Tracy, who has been favorably received in her novel style of singing and dancing. Fernando Fleury and Frank Wood (American Artists) have been favorably received. Four young ladies called "Les Sœurs Lascelles" have been received with great favor in the Can-Can. The novelty and elegance of their dresses appear to charm the spectators. Mad. Senyah continues in her daring gymnastic performances..... At the Marylebone, the chief attractions are Mr. Forrest and his two sons. Dressed as clowns, they play on violins while climbing and tumbling about in all directions. W. H. Barry, comic vocalist, the Sisters Buller, Mr. Fairley, the Scotch singer, Ada Byron and Miss Georgina, serio-comics, and George Ellis, late of Australia, are also among the attractions. .....Mr. Vance is the feature at the Metropolitan, where Esther Austin is a favorite in her dances. A party of American Minstrels, among whom is Japanese Tommy, are also performing there.....James Taylor gave his last performance in London prior to his departure for America, on August 1st, at the Pavilion.

SALE OF BELL AND MYERS' MENAGERIE.—This collection of animals was sold at Havre, France, on the 3d of August. The bidding was spirited, and the animals brought fair prices. The largest buyers were Mr. Batty, the lion tamer; Mr. Jamrack and Mr. Rice, all of London. Mr. Hagenbeck and Dr. Hilgendorf, of Hamburg; Mr. Pianet, of Geneva; Poisson, of Bordeaux; Young Bartlett, of "The Zoo;" and Managers Edmonds and Bostock were also present. The sale realized about 160,000 francs.

CORBYN VS. DANIEL BANDMANN.—This was an action tried at the Guildford Assizes by Mr. Corbyn, theatrical agent, to recover £51 from Bandmann, the American actor, as commission for procuring him an engagement with E. T. Smith, at the Lyceum Theatre, London, last season. It appeared that Bandmann was introduced to Mr. E. T. Smith last year, by Corbyn, and that an engagement was subsequently entered into by which Bandmann was to receive £60 a week for three weeks. He subsequently performed at different towns in the country, and the arrangement between him and Corbyn was that the latter was to receive a certain amount of the money received by Mr. Bandmann, after payment of his necessary expenses. The only question in the case was what were to be considered "necessary expenses" to an actor, and whether his railway fare, the cost of his dresses, and the expense of an attendant or dresses were included in that category. When the case had been partially gone into, upon the suggestion of the learned judge it was arranged that the jury should return a verdict for Corbyn for £51.

IT IS SAID that the first three representations of Wagner's "Meistersanger von Nurnberg" at Munich brought in the sum of 7,000 florins, and that the King of Bavaria has commissioned Herr Pixis to execute painings in illustration of the new opera, as he has already done in the case of "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin" and "Tristan."

NOT A SINGLE NOVELTY was produced at any Parisian theatre during the week ending August 8th. The successful *debut* at the Palais Royal of a Mlle. Blanche Antigny is the only theatrical event to chronicle. The young lady, who appeared under influential patronage, played in the once notorious "Memoires de Mimi-Bamboche," of MM. Eugene Grange and Lambert Thibount.

HARRY FENTON, low comedian, at the Provincial theatres, died at Chatham, Eng., on August 5th.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—Mrs. Charles Kean has presented F. Belton, manager of the Exeter Theatre, with the dresses and accessories worn by her late husband in the plays of "Othello," "The Wife's Secret," "King John," "Macbeth" and "Richard the Third."

TWO DANSEUSES were recently burned to death at Naples through their gauze dresses catching fire at the footlights.

"SEA ROVER" is the title of a new play now being written by Bulwer.

VICTOUER SARDON, a French author of repute, says that the first eighty articles, plays, poems, etc., that he wrote, were rejected by the publishers and managers to whom he offered them. For two years he did not make a sou by his literary labors. Since then nearly every one of the men who formerly treated him so disdainfully have made him the most munificent offers; but he says that he always took good care not to let them have any of the productions of his pen.

AQUATICS.

SCULLING RACE ON THE HUDSON.
RAYMOND DEFEATS WARD.

The third sculling contest between Charles Ward, one of the Ward brothers, and Jared T. Raymond, of Sing Sing, distance five miles, two miles and a half to a stake-boat and return, for two hundred and fifty dollars a side, took place on the Hudson river, opposite the above named place, on Monday afternoon, 17th inst. It will be remembered that in the prior contests between these men Raymond won one and Ward the other. Raymond feeling dissatisfied with the result of the second race, which he ascribed to the loosening of one of his outriggers just before turning the stake, challenged any one of the brothers to row him, which *defi* Charley accepted, and the match under consideration was arranged. Both men kept diligently at work up to the day of the race, when each was in fair condition, and a large number of those interested in aquatics assembled to witness the struggle, many of them going all the way from New York. Referee and judges having been selected, at four o'clock the men backed up to the line and a few moments later the signal was given to start, and the boats went cleaving through the lumpy waters, propelled by the strong arms of their stalwart and experienced occupants, both of whom were resolved to do or die, and worked their blades with greater vim and determination than in any of their previous contests. Both men pulled well, but each evidently husbanding his strength for the return. By putting on a little extra steam, which was either not noticed, or, if noticed, was disregarded, by Ward, Raymond got three or four lengths ahead, and maintained that advantage a quarter of a mile. After passing the Prison it became evident that Ward was doing his best to recover the lost distance and bring his opponent abreast of him, but Raymond continued to pull with great skill and apparent ease, and increased rather than diminished the distance he had gained at the start.

The stake-boat, with its little red flag, could scarcely be discerned in the distance, but presently, like a sea-bird taking wing, its white sail was hoisted and all knew that the point was turned, and that the boats were now coming with wind and tide, and as fast as brawny arms, accustomed to the work, could drive them over the water. The friends of Ward predicted that Raymond would be short of wind on the return stretch, and consequently would not be able to prevent Ward from overtaking and passing him in the race. A few minutes of anxious straining of the eyes toward the two dark specks, tipped with white flitting along the water, revealed the fact that Ward had indeed gained considerably on his opponent and was nearly abreast of him, but it was only a momentary advantage, for Raymond again forged ahead without any apparent effort, increased the distance between Ward's boat and his, and kept it until nearly opposite the railway station. At this moment great excitement prevailed and money changed hands freely, betting being $100 to $25 on Ward. The latter, who seemed to have reserved himself for a great effort at this part of the race, now put forth all his strength, and the contest became very exciting. His immense efforts were, however, unavailing. Looking over his shoulder he saw that it was impossible to win and at once slacked off speed to the stake-boat. Raymond dashed up with the same swinging, graceful stroke that he started out with, and was declared the winner of the stakes. The time made was 47½ minutes for Ward, and 47 minutes for Raymond. It was offered as an excuse for Ward by some of his friends that he pulled too close in shore and lost distance in pulling out again.

FIVE MILE MATCH MADE
BETWEEN
JOHN A. BIGLIN, OF NEW YORK, AND W. H. HAYS, OF WILLIAMSBURGH.

The above mentioned scullists, together with their backers, assembled at the CLIPPER office on Friday afternoon, 21st inst., and signed the subjoined articles of agreement. It will be remembered by those who keep posted in aquatic matters that these men rowed a race in 1864, which was won by the New Yorker, rather easily. Hays was greatly dissatisfied with the issue of the race, and, having improved considerably since then, concluded to make another effort to secure a victory over Biglin, and hence the match under consideration:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 21st day of August, 1868, between John A. Biglin and Wm. H. Hayes, who agree to row a five mile race, in boats not to exceed 17 feet 3 inches in length, to row on the gunwale. The race shall take place at Hoboken, N. J., on the 7th day of September, 1868, between the hours of two and four o'clock, P. M., play or pay. The course to be from a point off the Elysian Fields, two and a half miles up the river, round a stake-boat and return to place of starting. Said John A. Biglin and Wm. H. Hays agree to row for the sum of five hundred dollars, two hundred and fifty dollars a side. The first deposit of fifty dollars a side is now deposited in the hands of the editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, who shall be final stakeholder. The second deposit of one hundred dollars a side shall be placed in the hands of the stakeholder on the 26th day of August, 1868, and the third and final deposit of one hundred dollars a side shall be placed in his hands on September 4th, 1868. The said deposits shall be made by four o'clock, P. M., on the days above mentioned, or the party failing shall forfeit the amount deposited. The referee to be chosen upon the day of the race. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto affix our signatures.

B. BIGLIN, JOHN A. BIGLIN,
F. KELLY, C. M. COLVIN for WM. H. HAYS.

EXCITEMENT AMONG ENGLISH YACHTSMEN.
UNCLE SAM VS. JOHN BULL.

The Atlantic telegraph tells us, under date of the 19th inst., that soon after the arrival of the American yacht Sappho at Cowes, on Friday, the 14th inst., Mr. P. P. Baldwin, the Captain, issued a challenge to the yachtmen of England for a race. The challenge was immediately accepted by the following named well known yachts:—The Aline, Cambria, the Oanara, and the Condor. A conference was held, and the details of the friendly encounter agreed upon. The race to be for a sweepstakes of £20, to be fixed to take place on Tuesday, the 25th inst. The yachts will start from Cowes and proceed to the East through the Spithead, or sea channel on the Isle of Wight to the westward, and through the Solent to the place of starting—a distance of perhaps seventy or eighty miles. The event has made a considerable stir in sporting circles, and a fine race is looked for.

By later advices through the same medium we learn that the following regulations have been agreed upon:—The race will be subject to the rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the course is to be once around the Isle of Wight. No square sails will be allowed, but there is no limit as to the quantity or extent of other sails, or the number of men carried. The Sappho, which is registered in New York at 214 4-10 tons, is entered at 310 tons.

BOATING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—On Thursday, August 20th, a grand picnic, festival, boat race, gymnastic entertainment, etc., took place at the beautiful grove, near Boston, known as Fresh Pond. We have been furnished with the particulars of the different boat races, which resulted as follows:—Single Race—Prize, silver cup—distance one mile; won by C. Butler in 9 min. 58 secs., R. Roberts following in 10 min. Second Race—Prize, silver pitcher—distance one mile. J. H. Potter won in 10 min. 55 secs. Three others competed. Third Race—Prize, $150 for first, for $50 a side between Wm. Coppersthwaite, 12 min. 15 secs.; distance one mile. Time—Coppersthwaite, 12 min. 15 secs.; McKeon, 13 min. 35 secs. Judges—Wm. Dixon, J. Kelley and J. Sullivan.

THE THAMES REGATTA.

This important British aquatic festival took place on Monday and Tuesday, 3d and 4th inst., on the Thames, but did not prove as great a success as those held in previous years, the entries being small and the Championship Fours, which was productive of such brilliant contests in days gone by, was a mere walk over for the Newcastle men. We summarise the different events below:—

FIRST DAY, AUGUST 3D.

CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLS—*First Heat*—Putney to Mortlake; first prize, £30; second, £10; third, £5.
Jas. Percy, Newcastle (Surrey side)..... 1
H. Kelley, Fulham (centre)..... 2
W. Sadler, Putney..... dr
G. Hammerton, Teddington..... dr
Time, 24:30.
Second Heat.
J. Randford, Newcastle (centre)..... 1
J. Sadler, Surbiton (Surrey side)..... 2
E. Eazers, Chelsea (centre)..... 0
R. Cook, Oxford (Middlesex side)..... 0
Time, 27:33.

CHAMPION PAIRS—*First Heat*—Course, Chiswick to Putney; first prize, £20; second, £10; third, £5.
R. Chambers and A. Thompson, Newcastle (centre)..... 1
H. Kelley and R. Cook, Fulham and Oxford (Middlesex side)..... 2
C. Marshall and R. D. Marshall (Durham)..... dr
Second Heat.
Matthew Scott and James Taylor, Newcastle (Middlesex side)..... 1
Joseph Sadler and George Hammerton, Surbiton (centre)..... 2
Frank Kilsby and Frederick Phelps, Lambeth and Putney (Surrey side)..... 0

SECOND DAY, AUGUST 4TH.

CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLS—*Final Heat*—Putney to Mortlake.
J. Randford, of Newcastle (Surrey side)..... 1
J. Percy, of Newcastle (centre)..... 2
J. Sadler, of Surbiton (Middlesex side)..... 3
H. Kelley, of Fulham..... dr
Time, 23:15.

CHAMPION FOURS—Course, Putney to Chiswick; first prize, £100; second, £30.
NEWCASTLE CREW—1, J. Taylor; 2, M. Scott; 3, A. Thompson; 4, R. Chambers; T. French (cox) (Middlesex side)..... 1
LONDON CREW—G. Toil, F. Kilsby, T. Robinson, F. Phelps, E. Phelps (cox) (Surrey side)..... 2

COAT AND BADGE RACE—Course—Chiswick to Putney; first prize, coat, badge, freedom and £2; second, £4; third, £3; fourth, £1.
W. Biffen, Hammersmith (Surrey side)..... 1
H. Thomas, Brentford (Middlesex side)..... 2
T. J. Allen, Chelsea (No. 4 station)..... 3
H. Blight, Richmond (No. 2 station)..... 4
J. Griffiths, Wandsworth (centre)..... 0

CHAMPION PAIRS—*First Heat*—Chiswick to Putney.
M. Scott and J. Taylor, Newcastle (Middlesex side)..... 1
H. Kelley and R. Cook, Fulham and Oxford (centre)..... 2
R. Chambers and A. Thompson, Newcastle (Surrey side)..... 3
J. Sadler and G. Hammerton, Surbiton (centre)..... 0

SCULLING FOR £100.—On Monday, 3d inst., a sculling match for £50 a side, between Barney Shepherd and Ben Edwardes, took place from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng. Shepherd, of Chelsea, has not had so many public trials as his opponent. He rowed second to David Coombes for the Putney Coat and Badge; and his next and last race previous to that of Monday, was one in which he finished first at Mortlake, though the fouling of Caffin at the Point disqualified him. Edwardes, of the Tower, has rowed for half a dozen wagers, and won four of them; he beat Pocock, David Coombes, Russell and Murphy, who in turn defeated him, as also did Caffin, in old fashioned boats. Edwardes trained at Wilcox's, and was coached by E. May, Mr. Wilcox acting as his umpire. Shepherd had undergone private training at Hammersmith, and had Tom Wise to show him the way, and Mr. Bone for an umpire. C. Bush was referee. The betting was 2 to 1 on Edwardes, with few takers. He had the Middlesex station. Edwardes went away at a great pace, and when opposite the Star and Garter just cleared Shepherd, who pulled directly astern of his opponent, and in this position, without any deviation, they rowed to Craven. Here Shepherd attempted to come up on the outside, but Edwardes seeing the move, again drew away, leading by a clear length at the Dung Wharf. The Tower man pointed his bows straight over to the Surrey shore, which he reached some 300 yards below the Soap Works. Shepherd kept out in the river, and with the full benefit of the tide, then running very fast, he appeared to be gaining. This was reduced to a certainty when both boats came together at the Soap Works, Shepherd's bow being abreast of Edwardes' outriggers. The latter, in a few strokes, had pulled himself too near the bank, and discovering his error, eased. Shepherd at this critical moment spurted, went by, and was first through the inside arch of Hammersmith Bridge by a length and a half—ten minutes from starting. It was all over from this point. Shepherd kept increasing his lead, never deviating from his long drag, and passed the winning post first by two lengths. Time, 24 min. 30 sec.

HUDSON AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.—The second annual regatta of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association—consisting of the Atalanta, Waverly, Gulick and Columbia boat clubs, of New York; the Atlantic, of Brooklyn; Hudson, of Jersey City; Mutual, of Albany, and the Palisade and Vesper clubs, of Yonkers—will be held on Thursday, September 10th, over the usual three mile course on the Hudson river, off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. There will be a series of four races, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M. The first race will be for single sculls, the second for eight-oared gunwale barges, the third for double scull boats, and the last for six-oared lapstreak outrigger gigs, for the champion colors of the Association, now held by the Atalanta Boat Club.

RACE IN CANADA.—At a regatta in Ottawa, on the 22d inst. Mr. Haycock, of Ottawa, won the champion race of two miles in 15 minutes and 3 seconds, defeating Frank Johnson, from Montreal, and Twinning and Berry (colored man) from Toronto.

A WRECK.—The yacht Challenge, owned by the Lorillards of this city, was recently wrecked at the mouth of the Amazon river while, *en route* for New York with a cargo of indigo and India rubber. The vessel was of 310 tons burden, was built in May, 1867, and was valued at $25,000; insured. She was the largest yacht ever built in this country, with the exception of Mr. Kingsland's Alarm. The crew became demoralized when danger became apparent, and notwithstanding the efforts of Capt. Fish, they took to the boats, leaving the vessel to the mercy of the waves. She soon after went to pieces. The officers and crew were brought to this city by the steamer Mississippi. The Challenge made several voyages in the fruit trade between this port and Havana.

THE CHAMPION YACHT RACE ON THE DELAWARE.—The approaching race between the yachts George M. Hall, of Philadelphia, and Edward Fitler, of Beverly, N. J., for the championship of the Delaware river and a purse of $500, which is to take place on Sept. 10th, is creating considerable interest among the amateur sailors of that vicinity. The Hill bore off all the prizes contended for in 1860-61 against all the fast yachts on the Delaware, and is now undergoing a thorough overhauling by her builder, G. W. Symons, preparatory to the race.

CHALLENGE FROM THE TYNE TO THE THAMES.—In the course of a conversation which occurred after the termination of the recent regatta on the Thames, England, Harry Kelley expressed his regret at not having been able to raise a crew to compete in the Champion Fours, but stated that he thought he could form a crew to row the winners. James Wilkinson, on behalf of the Tyne men, said he would undertake to make the necessary arrangements to row the Thames men in three matches, namely, in fours, pairs and sculls, two of them to be home-and-home, and the course for the third to be tossed for, the amount of stakes, times, &c., to be the subject of future negotiations. Kelley promised to take the matter into consideration, and consult his backers, and he seemed clearly of opinion that there would be little difficulty in their coming to terms.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE TO KELLEY.—James Randford, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has issued a challenge to Harry Kelley to row on the Tyne, or any neutral stream, for £200 a side, two months from date of first deposit.

MEKIEL AND RAYMOND MATCHED.—Articles have been signed between John Mekeil and Jared T. Raymond, for a three mile race in seventeen feet working boats, to take place at Sing Sing, on Tuesday the 25th inst., at two o'clock, P. M., providing the water and weather is suitable. James Delaney backs Mekiel and George A. Mott is behind Raymond.

SIX-OARED RACE.—On Tuesday, 18th inst., a six oared contest took place on the East river, between gigs, manned respectively by members of the Excelsior, Empire and Friendship Clubs. The distance rowed was something less than four miles, and the Excelsiors won, after a spirited race, by a boat's length, in 27 minutes.

A FEMININE AQUATIC ADVENTURE.—The following is a report by Mrs. E. Cady Stanton of a yachting excursion, in which feminines took the rudder, etc., at Skaneateles, N. Y.:—"Before the sun was up this morning, Miss Anthony and two bright girls from Brooklyn manned a small sailing craft, and went up the lake. They invite some young merchant princes to take seats on board, and remain quiet spectators of the scene. They performed some very difficult evolutions. In one rather dangerous manœuvre, a gentleman, becoming a little nervous, was threatened with the fate of Jonah, which immediately brought him to order. It is truly melancholy to see how the young girls on all sides are flying from their sphere. With base ball and boat clubs, gymnasiums, driving, swimming and croquetting, verily, the days of embroidering and crocheting, ruffling and puffing, are fast passing away."

GRAND PICNIC OF THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.—This affair for the new church of Rev. Dr. Bartsell came off at Belle-vieu Gardens, on the East river, on Tuesday, 18th, nearly 4,000 persons being present during the day, who enjoyed the musical, the intellectual and the sporting programme immensely. One of the latter features was a finely contested boat race round Blackwell's Island, a course of nearly five miles, between three six-oar gigs of the Excelsior, Empire and Friendship Clubs, the former winning in twenty-seven minutes by barely half a length, the Friendships coming in second. It must be said, however, that the boat of the Friendships was entirely too heavy for her rivals, but she was superbly manned and made a capital run. The winning crew were Messrs. Robert Tellestor, Michael Byrnn, Henry Dandon, James Shean, J. McKay, John Shean and John Fox. A handsome wine set was the prize contested for. The winning boat, the Nymph, the property of the McKay Club, of Harlem, is pronounced a model of beauty.

BOAT RACE AT NEW ROCHELLE.—A very interesting regatta came off at the Echo Bay House, New Rochelle, on Saturday afternoon, the 22d, between the Onward Club, of New York, and the New Rochelle Boys.

The first race was for $10, two miles, for which the John Palmer, H. Slumsey, both of New Rochelle, entered, the Palmer winning.

The second race, for $10, was a three miler, in which the Fetter Brothers, of New York; John Mulder and A. Decker, took part. The Brothers came in half a boat ahead.

The third race, for $25, three miles, was participated in by the Fetter Brothers, of New York; Walter Davis and Gid. Thorne, of New Rochelle. This was a splendid race, and the Brothers come in two boat lengths ahead

The fourth race was for $10, one mile, between the Onward Club, of New York, and New Rochelle Boys. It was a very close race, New Rochelle proving the winner. About five hundred persons were present. The races will be repeated in about two weeks.

BOAT RACE AT JONES' WOOD.—A rowing match and festival will take place on Thursday, August 27th, at Jones' Wood, between the Friendship, Excelsior and Empire Boat Clubs, under the auspices of the St. Stephen's Temperance Association, Rev. E. J. McGlynan, D. D., President. Proceeds to be devoted to the building of a home for the orphans of the parish. There will be two races, viz., a six-oared barge race for a set of colors and a 17 feet working boat race, two pair sculls, for a wine set, the boats to steer from the Wood and go around Blackwell's Island. The first race to start at 2 o'clock.

GAME OF LACROSSE.

THE MOHAWK LACROSSE CLUB.

The allusion to this game recently played between the above organization, of Troy, N. Y., and the Montreals, of Montreal, C. E., the champion Club of the New Dominion, which appeared in a recent issue, seems to have done injustice to the American players, according to a correspondent, who says:—"The Mohawk Club was organized in December, 1867, by Arthur Vinette, who labored under many difficulties in carrying out his project, none of those who joined with him having ever witnessed the playing of the game. Sticks, flags and other accessories of the game were procured from Montreal at considerable expense, and their first practice game took place as late as May last. There being sufficient funds in the treasury to allow of it, in July the club resolved to proceed to Canada, in order that they might by practical experience obtain a better understanding of the game, intending to play some of the new clubs of the Dominion. Accordingly, Mr. Vinette wrote to W. George Beers, Secretary of the National Lacrosse Association, of Canada, who, in reply, advised them to play none but the very best clubs of Montreal, as it would be better practice for them, and arranged that we should play the Montreal, Crescent, Dominion and Aurora Clubs on the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st ult. As these were all first class organizations, of long standing, it was not to be expected that a club just in its infancy, and the members of which labored under the disadvantage of never having seen the match played, should have any chance at all to secure a victory; therefore, no one was disappointed when they were beaten in each, but under the circumstances, unprejudiced persons who were present, and the members of the clubs with which they played, did not hesitate to award them great credit for the determination with which they disputed the victory. They were especially deserving of praise from the fact that they had but six of their first twelve with them. Their regular goal keeper, who went with them, was unfortunately confined to his bed during their stay, and they were obliged to use lacrosse sticks eight inches longer than those they were accustomed to, the netting of which being stiff as boards, the boys handled them clumsily, and could scarcely ever pick up the ball to bring their play into efficiency. The members of the Mohawk have profited by their experience among the Canucks, and when they next encounter them will be able to present a bolder front and make a better record."

THE CANADIAN GAME OF LACROSSE.—We are to have a visit of Canadian Lacrosse players, and a look at the game next week, on the Capitoline ground. Lacrosse, when both sides are full, is played by 24 persons, 12 on each side, exclusive of a field Captain for each party, who superintends and contro s the game. Flags, six feet apart, are placed at a distance varying from 150 to 180 yards; these flags are SIX feet high; each player has a crosse, which is curved and netted at the end used for striking the ball. The netting must be flat not bagged. The ball of India rubber sponge is started from the centre of the field, and the contest then is to put it through the adversaries flag. The position of players is as follows:—"goal keepers" to defend goal, and prevent ball from being put through "point" 12 feet distant from goal; "covert point," a like distance from point "centre men," who start the ball and are termed "facers;" "home man," whose special duty is to pass the ball through the goal; other players are termed "fielders." They are stationed in various parts of the field. The following is an incomplete list of the players who are to play:—Alfred G. Isaacson, Geo. Hyde, S. C. Stevenson, John Robinson, Sir Robert J. S. Grahame, Baronet, R. A. Steinhouse, R. Hoanell, M. Y. Tilburn, B. Edgar, A. Thorn, R. G. Lafrenaye, C. R. Armstrong, Geo. Wheeler, Hugh Becket, Jas. Thorn, C. Thompson, S. Massay, J. Brazier, D. Ferguson and others. The President of the "Dominion Lacrosse Club, Montreal," of whom the above are members, is Mr. J. H. Isaacson; Vice-President, Wm. Robinson. The game is the best two out of three innings, the duration of which varies.

LACROSSE MATCH.—At Ottowa, August 19, a Lacrosse match took place between eight of the Ottowa Club and the same number of Two Mountain Indians. The Ottowa men won in three straight games, the first in three minutes and the second in 17:38, by Mr. Kavanagh. The third was put through by J. Thompson, in 26:03. The Indians worked well, but had no chance. Everything went against them.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WAIKING MATCH.

In Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 18th, two men named James Miles and Isaac Keefer undertook the task of walking for one hundred hours. Miles has the reputation of being the champion of California, having walked one hundred miles in that State, in January, 1867, in twenty-four hours, beating Dan. Driscoll, who retired on the seventy-first mile. Keefer, who is a resident of Birmingham, Pa., undertook a similar task in that borough a few months ago, but failed. The match between Miles and Keefer commenced at 7 o'clock, P. M., in the yard connected with the Cottage Saloon, on Fifth street. They both walked on platforms thirty-two feet in length and sixteen inches in width, elevated a few inches from the ground. An intermission of fifteen minutes in each six hours was allowed. On Thursday evening at six o'clock Miles had a misunderstanding in regard to the distribution of the admission money, and withdrew from the contest.

There was no purse, the "walkists" being reimbursed by the money received at the door, fifteen cents being charged for admission. Keefer, however, continued on his plank, and completed his self imposed task to the complete satisfaction of his friends. On Saturday evening, about eight o'clock, a crowd collected in and around the saloon, which gradually increased until about ten o'clock, when the pavement was completely blockaded. The yard was crowded during the entire evening, and many supposed from Keefer's apparently exhausted condition that he would be unable to hold out until eleven. A few minutes before eleven o'clock Keefer was still on the march, but was so feeble that he was helped along by two men. At seven minutes after eleven o'clock, one of the judges announced that the time was up, when one of Keefer's friends seized him and carried him to a carriage which was waiting on Fifth street. He was driven immediately to Birmingham, where arrangements had been made for his accommodation.

COPPER-COLORED PEDALISM—GREAT TIME, IF CORRECT.—An Indian festival was held at Cold Spring Race Course, near Buffalo, N. Y., recently, which was largely attended by pale faces of both sexes. The sports commenced with a mile foot race for a purse of $15 between Fleetwing, Stevens and another redskin. The former won in four minutes and forty-two seconds. This was succeeded by a trial of skill in archery for $15, Addison Charles, of the Seneca nation, coming off with colors flying. Deerfoot, Fleetwing and Sundown came next in a five miller for a prize of one hundred dollars, the two latter being allowed a quarter and a half mile start respectively. Fleetwing gave up at the conclusion of the third mile, and Deerfoot overtook and passed Sundown ere that distance was accomplished, the latter also withdrawing and Deerfoot finishing against time. The pace was terrific, as may be judged from the time, which was given out as 24 minutes and 15 seconds. As the best previous recorded time for this distance is 24 minutes 57 seconds, by Jackson, the American Deer, until Deerfoot's performance is properly authenticated it will not obtain credence by those who are conversant with such matters. It is more than likely that the course was short or the repeater was stopped too soon, especially as it is stated that Deerfoot seemed but little distressed afterward.

JOHN ODDY WALKS AGAINST TIME.—There was a fair gathering of pedestrians and sporting blades generally, at Finlay's Track, Seventy-second street and Bloomingdale Road, on Monday afternoon, 17th inst., to witness the attempt of John Oddy, the young English pedestrian, to do what he had before accomplished—walk seven and one half miles within sixty minutes, the stakes at issue, being, it is stated, five hundred dollars. Oddy had passed through a regular course of preparation for the effort, under the eye of Jack Gould, ng, who brought him to the mark in excellent condition. Oddy succeeded in performing his task with over two minutes to spare, according to the time given, which was 57 minutes and 50 seconds After the match was over Goulding's pupil, a lad fifteen years of age, started to walk three miles in half an hour, and performed his task in 29 minutes 40 seconds; the time for each half mile was as follows:—First, 4:30; second, 5:05; third, 4:52; fourth, 6:03; fifth, 4:30; sixth, 4:40. Doctor Potter, of East Twenty-first street, was referee and time keeper in both matches.

PEDAL SPORT IN THE BAY STATE.—A three mile race took place at Lowell, Mass., on the 17th inst., between a couple of the fleet-footed brigade named Bogle and Mealey, the former winning in 16 minutes, 30 seconds. This was succeeded by a match between Libby of Lowell, and Wilson, of Washington, the former to walk ten miles forward, while the latter made five miles backward, for a purse of $300, Wilson allowing half a mile start. The latter won by over a mile in one hour, thirty-one minutes and fourteen seconds.

JOHN GOULDING, "the 1,000 mile in 1,000 hour champion," commenced at 4 P. M., on Monday, 24th inst., the feats of walking 500 quarter miles in 500 quarter hours, and 500 half miles in 500 half hours at the Congress Hotel Walking Track, 92 Chatham street.

JAMES MAGEE, an amateur, is matched to run 100 yards inside of eleven seconds, for $100 a side at Finlay's Track, on Friday, 18th inst., at 4 P. M. Jack Goulding has prepared him.

G. H. CROWLEY AND JAMES SHAW are matched to walk four miles. They have staked $20 a side in Goulding's hands, and draw up articles at the Argyle, Houston street, on Tuesday, the 25th inst.

COULDN'T DO IT.—John L. Taylor, who commenced walking one hundred miles in twenty-four consecutive hours on Friday 21st, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at Fitchburg, for $500, gave it up at seventeen minutes to four P. M., on the following day, having walked eighty-eight and one-half miles in eighteen hours and thirty-one minutes, resting five hours and twelve minutes.

A BIG WALK from this city to Albany, 160 miles, in thirty-six hours for $500, has been contracted for, it is said, on the part of Lem. Howard, of the old Volunteer Fire Department. He is to start on September 1st at 4 A. M., from High Bridge. The match is announced as having been made on the evening of the 22d inst., at Empire Hall, 8th Avenue, N. Y.

CRICKET.

SATELLITE vs. MANHATTAN.

An interesting game of cricket was played at Hoboken on the 17th, between the Satellites, of Williamsburgh, and the Manhattan, of New York, resulting in an easy victory for the former, as follows:—

First Innings.	Manhattan.	Second Innings.	
Livesey b Brettnall	2	c Mordaunt b Dempsey	6
Neves b Tilly	0	c Bligh b Jackson	0
Robinson c Tilly	17	not out	9
Inches run out	3	l b w	6
Haywood not out	15	b Kersley	1
Plumer c Dexter b Tilly	9	b Dempsey	0
J. Tucker c Dexter b Tilly	0	run out	0
Wills b Jackson	0	b Jackson	3
H. Tucker c Maslin b Jackson	0	b Dempsey	12
Oakley b Tilly	0	c Mordaunt b Dempsey	0
Walker b Tilly	12	run out	5
Byes, 8; wides, 5	13	Byes, 7; leg byes, 3; wides, 4	14
Total	75	Total	65

SATELLITE—First Innings.			
Dempsey run out	19	Mordaunt b Oakley	1
Brettnall b Oakley	8	Dexter at Walker	2
Jackson c Inches b Oakley	5	Hogan c Inches b Oakley	9
Tilly run out	3	Soap not out	3
Kersley run out	1	Byes, 8; wides, 4; no ball, 1	13
Makin c Walker b Livesey	11		
Hodgson c Wills b Oakley	0	Total	39

In the second innings the Satellites scored:—Hodgson, run out, 4; Makin, not out, 12; Tilly, not out, 18; leg bye, 1. Total, 35.
Umpires—Messrs. Worth and Tyler. Scorers—Messrs. Kerr and Sammonds.

CRICKET AT HALIFAX, N. S.—A cricket match was played there on the 17 h inst., between an eleven from the crew of the Royal Alfred and the Excelsior Club. The seamen won by seven wickets. On the following day another match was played between elevens of the Garrison and the Phœnix Club. The match was decided by the first innings, in which the Phœnix scored 89 and the Garrison 76, the Phœnix youths being victors by 14 runs.

EASTERN TOUR OF THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—The first and second elevens of the New York Cricket Club left here on Saturday afternoon, 22d, to play a series of matches with the Boston, Nonantum and Chelsea Clubs.

A DOMINO MATCH GAME came off on Wednesday night, the 19th inst, at Fennerty's New Eagle Shades, Brooklyn, between Priest Footman and Peter Mellan, against John Finnerty and Eugene Mahoney, 500 points, block game, for $250 a side. It is said the game was close and exciting, and stood at the finish 500 to 472 in favor of Footman and Mc Han.

AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM.
GREAT AND NOVEL ATTRACTION!
For positively Two Nights only,
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS,
AUGUST 26TH AND 27TH, 1868.
MISS C. LUCETTE,
THE VESTRIS OF THE PRESENT DAY.
MR. MORTON PRICE,
the well known Author and Actor.
These artists will be accompanied by the eminent composer and pianist, MR. HOWARD GLOVER.
The programme each evening will commence with an elegant Duologue, Domestic Petite Comedietta, entitled a
DOUBLE COURTSHIP;
OR, BROTHER AND SISTER.
A Grand Piano Forte Recital by MR. HOWARD GLOVER.
To conclude with a Farcical and Founded on Fact Action, entitled RINGING THE CHANGES.
For Characters, Songs and Duetts, see house bills. 21-1t

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SECOND LOW COMEDIAN,
21-1t* Address 191 Macdougal st.

THE SHOWMAN'S GUIDE,
PRICE $2.
21-1t* T. ALLSTON BROWN, Clipper office.

WANTED—12 Ladies for the Ballet. Must be capable of doing Solo Dances if required. Apply to 1t* THOMPSON & RIGGS, Cosmopolitan Agency, 189 Bowery.

"DIED IN THE STREETS,"
A beautiful Ballad, by CLAUDE Du HAVEN. Music by WILLIAM WITHERS, Jr., leader at the Broadway Theatre. Address THOMPSON & RIGGS, 189 Bowery, N. Y.
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WOOD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE,
BROADWAY, CORNER OF THIRTIETH STREET.
MONDAY, AUGUST 31, AT 8 O'CLOCK A. M.
Open from 8 A. M. till 10 P. M.
Morning performances in the Lecture Room at 11 A. M., the living phenomena will be exhibited. Siamese Twins, man,

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In no LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we receive (and only) the large and independent expression of our own opinion.

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ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

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Ten cages of Animals, One African Elephant, Sourteen Centre Pole Chariots, One Dressing Room, Ten Baggage Wagons, One Band Chariot, One Band Wagon, One Tableaux Car, One Performer's Wagon, Thirty-two lengths of Seats, Uprights and Jacks.

Four sets Chandeliers, Seventy-five Horses, Forty sets Harness, Ten Entree Dresses, Ten Entree Cloths, Fifteen saddles and Bridles, One Ticket Wagon, One Property Wagon, Flags, Paraphernalia, Tools, &c.

The above property to be sold at public auction on TUESDAY, Sept. 1st, at Cape Vincent, N. Y., twenty miles from Watertown, N. Y.

L. A. HITCHCOCK,
St. Lawrence Hotel, Cape Vincent.

FOR SALE.—One complete sett of Swiss Bells, with Table. Also, one double action Harp, in perfect order. The above for sale cheap. For particulars address by mail, P. H. R. Clipper Office, New York. 21-2t*

TO ALL TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

ADDISON, August 10th, 1868.

Know that a woman styling herself Miss ELIZA L. McKAY, after engaging with us and receiving salary in advance, refused to fulfil her part of the contract by absenting herself from the theatre, thereby canceling her engagement and insulting the public.

We hereby warn all managers from engaging the said ELIZA L. McKAY, as her conduct injured the character of our company while of the stage at Wellsville, N. Y., as well as this place, injuring our busines to a great extent.

OLIVER H. WREN,
Signed) FRANK A. SHERWOOD,
Managers Wren Combination.

We, the undersigned members of the Wren Combination, do hereby certify the above is a correct statement of facts. (signed)

GEO. S. NORRIS, A. J. DAMON,
MATTIE L. WREN, MARY E. DAMON,
FRED. WREN, FRANK ADAMS. 21-1t

CHAS. B. GRISTE
Can be engaged by a responsible manager either as Advance Agent, Writer or Treasurer. Business communications should be addressed care of JOURNAL OFFICE, Boston, Mass. 21-1t

THE GREGORY FAMILY
Are open to negotiate. Includes
MLLE GERTRUDE'S
Wonderful Troupe of Ten Performing Dogs.
HER MINIATURE CIRCUS,
TINY MITES OF PERFORMING PONIES,
THE EQUESTRIAN DOG APOLLO,
THE [illegible] OATS,
DOG AND MONKEY [illegible] CHASE.
THEODORE GREGORY,
JEAN, ALBERT, [illegible] AND WILLIE.
Their Acts—The Flying Mexicans, Triple Horizontal Bars, Triple Revolving Globes, Triple Comic Interlude, Grand Spiral Globe Ascension, [illegible] Pyramids.
Also, MISS BESSIE, the [illegible] Comic Vocalist and Dancer.
Can give the entire evening's entertainment if desired, concluding with Comic Ballet Pantomime.
Address
21-1t* PROF. BECKLEY, Clipper Office, N. Y.

WM. ST. VINCENT,
74 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL, C. E.
CHAMPION BILL POSTER OF CANADA,
Begs to inform the Traveling Profession that all Bills and Programmes sent to his care will be posted and distributed thoroughly and with dispatch. Owner of all Bill Boards. 21-3t*

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MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND
(Formerly Fish Family Combination,)
Are now reorganizing for their
FIFTH ANNUAL TOUR
through the United States and Canadas.
FISH & THORNTON, Proprietors.
T. H. SHANNON, Agent. JAMES FISH, Leader of
21-1t* Brass Band and Orchestra.

WANTED—A SOLO DANSEUSE
for one year, from October 5d.
Also a LEADING LADY, one of versatile experience preferred.
N. B.—Must be young and pretty.
WILSON & CLARKE,
Bellast, Me.
Send Photo. Enclose no stamp. 21-3t*

PROF. AMES, Magician, is open for engagements. Address him care J. FEERST, Centre avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 21-1t*

BEN BROWN,
SONG AND DANCE MAN AND COMEDIAN,
opened in Milwaukee, at the Varieties, as Stage Manager, with big success. All letters directed to Clipper Office, or
21-1t* VARIETIES, MILWAUKEE.

J. H. WADSWORTH, Orchestra LEADER, White's Music Store, No. 86 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. 21-2t*

STRAUB HOUSE,
HAMILTON, OHIO.
STRAUB AND WEILER, PROPRIETORS.
Refer by permission to Charley Shay, Dupree & Benedict, Low Gayford, T. A. Dingess, C. T. Slocum, F. B. Cilley, M. B. Townsend, N. O. Roberts, J. E. Warner, F. A. Keeler, Joe Gaylord, C. E. Richardson & Co 21-3t*

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The undersigned wishes to inform all Showmen that they are the PROPRIETORS OF ALL THE BILL BOARDS IN THE CITY OF PORTLAND, which are located in the best public places, and are ready at all times to post their bills on the boards at reasonable rates, by writing or calling on the subscribers. Also Distributors of Bills, and Transporters of Baggage. Address to
C. E. T. SHAW & CO.,
Office, corner of Market and Commerce streets.
Portland, Aug. 5th, 1868. C. E. T. SHAW,
21-1t J. W. BUCK.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
A good
FIRST VIOLINIST
Who can arrange well and play Brass to act as
MUSICAL DIRECTOR
FOR
DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.
G. re one year's engagement to the right man. Apply, stating lowest terms, to Providence, R. I., until Sept. 12; after that date to Gloucester, Mass. [21-2t*] CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.

ADDIE PROCTOR KUNKEL,
LEADING LADY.
Responsible managers desirous of engaging the above named artiste for the
FALL AND WINTER SEASON OF 1868-9,
will do well by addressing her at
2 1-3t* 253 West Fayette street, Baltimore, Md.

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Open for engagements after the 20th instant. Address
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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA,
opposite the Public Square and Post Office. The Hall is 123 feet deep by 55 wide, has two dressing rooms, raised seats, foot and border lights and carpet. The entrance is twelve feet wide.
Hamilton Hall is by far the most popular hall in the city.
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The above Hall will seat over 1,500 persons, is fitted with entirely new and elegant scenery (Flats).
The most centrally located building in the city, and every way adapted for
FIRST CLASS EXHIBITIONS.
48-12m* H. N. WARD, Agent.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE,
NEW ORLEANS.
Proprietor, B. DE BAR. Lessee and Manager, CHAS. POPE.
The theatre will open for the regular season on or about the latter part of October, 1868. Star and stock artists of acknowledged reputation will apply to Lowell & Simmonds, 639 Broadway, N. Y., or Chas. Pope, 21 Delaware place, Buffalo, N. Y. Consider silence a negative. 18-3m*

CHAS. B. GRISTE,
ADVANCE AGENT,
Will be disengaged after August 22d, 1868. All communications addressed to Newport, N. Y., will reach me. Clipper Office, after that date, will receive prompt attention. 17-tf

KATE PUSHER is prepared to negotiate with managers for Star Dramatic Tours for the Fall and Winter Season of 1868-9, for the production of Spectacular and Sensation Dramas. Address only as agent,
19-tf O'NEILL & SIMMONDS.

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"PHIL" back [illegible] Banjo (same as Gilbert), opening in the top, known by the [illegible] head being [illegible] with the outer rim, is manufactured and sold by GEORGE PHIL, 449 East Houston st., where specimens can be seen and sold. I am prepared to prove the superiority of these instruments in beauty of make and in tone above all others. A liberal discount to the trade. 21-1t*

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Nos. Fifteen Cents each. Sent postpaid by
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WANTED—For Duprez & Benedict's MINSTRELS, one Second Violinist, one Flute and Piccolo, one Double Bass Viol, and one Clarionetist. All must play Brass and be good readers. Wanted, two Clowns and one Welch Dancer who can do Prima Donna business. Wanted, Leader of first class and sober, and have a good wardrobe. Salary sure for one year's engagement, but must be moderate to suit the times. Give lowest terms and particulars in regard to same. Apply by letter to CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager, Providence, R. I. [illegible] 21-1t

FAREWELL & GOLDING, Clogists, your presence is required to organize Sept. 5th, as per agreement. Write at once your where-abouts to [15-4t*] CHAS. H. DUPREZ.

CALCIUM LIGHTS.
THOS. D. BENSON,
Lights for Theatres, Political Meetings, etc., 587 Hudson street, N. Y. Also manufacturer of Calcium Light Apparatuses and Generators so simply arranged that any one can make their own gas and operate with the greatest simplicity. Send for circular. 23-13t*

MISS JENNIE HIGHT,
The highly accomplished VERSATILE ARTISTE, will commence her Fall and Winter starring Season September 5th. A Singing Chambermaid wanted, one who can play Juveniles. Ladies and gentlemen of dramatic ability will please apply to her father,
17-13t* H. A. HIGHT, Manager, 87 State st., Chicago, Ill.

CAUTION TO MANAGERS AND PERFORMERS.—Having copyrighted my new Irish Burletta entitled "The Whirligig; or, 4308," I hereby caution all parties from burlesquing upon my rights, otherwise they will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. [15-3m*] DICK CARROLL.

WANTED.—For Bryant, Parker AND J. K. GREEN'S MINSTRELS, musicians and singers; all must play brass street instruments. Will surely start Sept. 1st.
C. K. PARKER, Springfield, Mass.

NEW YORK CIRCUS,

FROM THE HIPPOTHEATRON BUILDING, FOURTEENTH STREET, OPPOSITE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK CITY.

P. T. CENT. DIRECTOR

EXTRA NOTICE!

AUGUST 19TH, 1868.

The management take great pleasure in announcing the fact tha

MR. JAMES ROBINSON,

Champion Bare Back Rider of the World!

has just arrived in this country after an absence of eighteen month in Paris, London, Madrid, and the principal capitals of Europe, where he has created a furore among the admirers of elegant equestrianism without parallel, and with his

Charming Infant Son, Clarence,

has this day joined the NEW YORK CIRCUS TROUPE, and during the remainder of the season will appear at each entertainment, in conjunction with the unequalled Corps of Talented Artists who form the regular company of this establishment. That Mr. ROBINSON is the GREATEST RIDER IN THE WORLD is an admitted fact, acknowledged by every one.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS
WILL EXHIBIT AT

CLEVELAND	August 24, 25 and 26
PAINESVILLE	Thursday, August 27
ERIE	Friday, August 28
DUNKIRK	Saturday, August 29
HORNELLSVILLE	Monday, August 31
CORNING	Tuesday, September 1
ELMIRA	Wednesday, September 2
OWEGO	Thursday, September 3
BINGHAMTON [20-tf]	Friday, September 4

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE,
BROOKLYN.
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND. NO CLOSING FOR REPAIRS.
The house has been Repainted and Redecorated, and the Company reconstructed for 1867 and '68. The Company, as now organized, embraces a larger array of First Class Talent than has ever been concentrated in a Minstrel Troupe, embracing Comedians, Tragedians, Vocalists, Dancers and Instrumentalists, who will appear nightly in their Minstrel Illustrations. First class artists, particularly those having specialties, can always secure an opening by addressing
R. M. HOOLEY, Proprietor.
6-tf E. GREENLAND, Business Manager.

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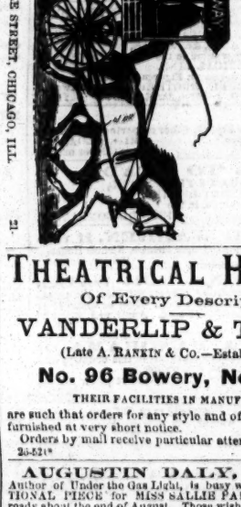
the sweetest instrument in the market. 21-1t



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Of Every Description.
VANDERLIP & TAYLOR,
(Late A. RANKIN & CO.—Established 1823.)
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THEIR FACILITIES IN MANUFACTURING
are such that orders for any style and of any material can be furnished at very short notice.
Orders by mail receive particular attention.
20-52t*

AUGUSTIN DALY, ESQ.,
Author of Under the Gas Light, is busy writing a NEW SENSATIONAL PIECE for MISS SALLIE ARTHINGTON. It will be ready about the end of August. Those wishing for its first production will please address her agent, CHARLES T. PARSLOE, 565 Broadway, New York, cor. Prince st. 21-1t

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